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MISS ETHEL'S FIRST VISIT TO A FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.—"CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE": "PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?"

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"; therefore no family should ever be without it.

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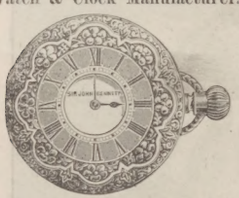

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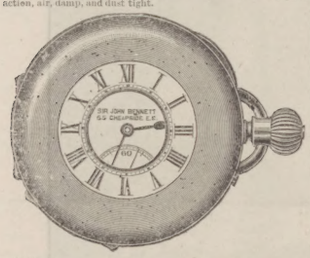

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

The Trade Congress

is over, and the split between old and new unionists which many feared is complete. I don't believe in its permanence. To begin with, the differences are not so wide as apparent. Some of my readers probably imagine it is all a question of Socialism. Roughly speaking, there were three parties in Congress: First, out-and-out Socialists. Then there were the eight-hours and land-nationalisation men. They represented over 200 votes. Old unionists counted for about 180, thus just falling short of a majority; indeed, if all the delegates had been eligible for voting for the secretaryship, the new unionists would have shown superiority still more, unquestionably. They made a mistake, however, in pressing their advantage too hard. Burns, for once, has lost that wonderful tact he shows in conducting strikes, and has been a little too overbearing. Mann has been more careful. Though the new men have played successfully for land, they have irritated their opponents somewhat unnecessarily. Still, the future is with them. Though speaking respectfully of old leaders, like Burt, Fenwick, and others, they have neither the genius nor the enthusiasm of the Burns and Mann school. Neither is their cause that of the future. For good or for evil, the new unionism must guide the destinies of the trade-union movement.

The new unionists, of course, are radiant with triumph.

Burns

is sure of carrying all before him next year, when he expects to turn this year's triumph into a lasting and assured preponderance of his section, with its programme of a legal eight-hours day. Nor am I sure that he miscalculates. Old unions are advancing on new lines, and replacing former delegates and leaders by new men; and new unions are forming right and left. Therefore, Governments, whether Liberal or Tory, will have to reckon with this new force, which will not give a vote for either party without getting *quid pro quo*. Their chiefs are not mere cranky enthusiasts. They are hard-headed men, who know how to drive a smart bargain, and to get their money's worth.

Potato Famine in Ireland.

I am afraid there is no longer any doubt as to the imminence of potato famine. I have been hearing from correspondents in Mayo and Connemara, and I have just had a long conversation with Michael Davitt. All three informants tell a doleful tale. The trouble will arise on the western seaboard, where the people for the most part are not farmers so much as cottars with allotments. A special letter addressed to our Editor is published in this week's Number, and should at once stimulate Mr. Balfour to action. The people are of the purest Celtic blood, the men stalwart and large-boned, the women with fine black eyes and beautiful, well-developed figures. At least, so they are in the north, where I know them best. Their trouble is twofold. All the best land is in the hands of graziers, and the peasants have only potato patches between bog-holes and pools of reddish water. They have nothing like enough land, and have no variety of crops. It is potatoes, potatoes. They live on a little Indian meal, a very little milk, and hardly any meat. Even this miserable fare is largely made up of their children's earnings at harvesting in English counties, or of remittances sent home from America or Australia. Pitiful lines! But nothing—no, not Home Rule itself—will change them, so long as people have so little land, and no chance of cultivating it properly or of stocking it.

Michael Davitt's plan is simple, and I expect he will develop it before long in the columns of his new organ, the *Labour World*.

He would spend ten millions in buying out western landlords and redistributing the holdings. The men would vest the land in a Land Commission, which would be able, as land is only worth twelve years' purchase, greatly to reduce rents. Thus the peasant would get more land for less rent. Finally, what is above all things wanted is a loan for stocking the land and trying a greater variety of crops, and this Davitt would also obtain through the medium of a Land Commission. This, then, is

Davitt's Plan.

Its author is peculiarly interesting just now, in face of the fact that he proposes next week to address the British Democracy in an organ of his own. Davitt is, to my mind, one of the most interesting and straightforward figures in political life. He is a pure Celt by birth as well as in appearance and in temperament. The Celt looks out through those cavernous eyes of his underneath the bushy eyebrows. But Davitt is the Celt hardened and annealed, as it were, by suffering, education, and experience. Extreme man as he is, he is nothing like so impetuous in speech as, say, O'Brien, Dillon, or Healy, all three of whom are far less advanced in what I may call ultimates of politics than he. He is an orator, in his way; but his oratory is of a thoughtful tinge, full of facts as well as principles, and bearing marks of good, hard, sound, logical thinking; and, with all his thoughts, the man who tamed starlings in his prison cell is as gentle as a woman.

Lord Wolseley and Ireland.

So Lord Wolseley is to be the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. I remember the time, shortly after the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, when Wolseley used to talk a good deal like the fiery untamed Orangeman. But those days are over now. He has plenty of tact, is an Irishman all over, and is now inclined to go for some form of local government, saving what we are all desirous of preserving—integrity of the Empire and supremacy of Imperial Parliament.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

THE COMING POTATO FAMINE IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."

Falcarragh, co. Donegal, Sept. 5, 1890.

SIR,—In view of the only too imminent prospect of another great potato famine in Ireland, it may interest some of your readers to hear what is

The State of Things

in this far-away corner of the island. Here, in Falcarragh and its neighbourhood,

The Blight is Something Heartrending.

Every field is diseased, and the very air is infected with the smell of the rotting plants. The day after my arrival,

Father Boyle,

the kindly and energetic Catholic curate of Falcarragh, and the chief helper and counsellor of the people, drove me over to the townland of Maheraorarty, where he was going to inspect the crop. As we went along I noticed that every field we passed had suffered from the blight. The dread disease always shows itself

First upon the Leaf.

The green top of the plant becomes tipped with brown, and loses its fresh crisp appearance; the leaves begin to droop, and, gradually getting browner and softer, at last break off or hang limply from the stems. As the blight spreads, the stems themselves become first yellow, then brown, then black; the few remaining leaves rot off, curling up into ugly wisps of black pulp, or consume away altogether as if they had been burnt off, leaving the stems bare and shrivelled; until at last the whole stalk falls over, and lies upon the dank earth a mass of putrescence—

Black, Evil-smelling, Pestilent.

The time occupied in this terrible process of decay varies very much. In the great blight of '46 it was often almost incredibly short. A field green at night would be black in the morning. This year the warning has been longer, the first signs of the disease being noted many weeks ago.

Here, on the northern sea-coast, the blight seems to have chiefly attacked the fields planted late in the year: those planted earlier have partially escaped: but the

Potatoes that Ought to be Ripening

as a provision for the coming winter are the ones upon which the disease has fallen. This is a serious, I may say a fatal, loss to the people of these districts, who use the potato as almost their sole article of food. They grow oats also, but the crop is always thin and poor, and this year I doubt if it will ever ripen at all, after the heavy rains that have beaten upon it all this week.

Between Falcarragh and Maheraorarty, a distance of four or five miles, I did not see a single patch of potatoes where the tops were really green. Some were less brown than others, but none were free from taint, while in many nothing was left but the stems, bare and limp and black.

The Fearful Disease

which carried off so many of the people after the great famine of '47 was brought on by eating unsound potatoes. A woman died of that very disease in County Cork last week. Father Boyle most emphatically warned the people not to eat potatoes that were in the slightest degree touched.

There was an old man with us to whom I was speaking, and I asked him if the potatoes were as bad as this in '79. "No," he said, "they are worse now than they were in '79." Father Boyle then asked him: "Do you remember '46?" "I do, right well." "And were the potatoes in '46 as bad as

POTATO PLANT IN HEALTHY STATE.

POTATO PLANT KILLED BY THE BLIGHT.

SOUND POTATOES.

DISEASED POTATOES.

IRISH POTATOES, SOUND AND BLIGHTED, SKETCHED FOR THE "P.I.P." BY MISS NORMA BORTHWICK.

they are now?" "Ay, they were as bad." "And worse?" "No, I don't think they were worse." I started. Was the old fellow exaggerating? I tried again, the other way. "Are they worse *now* than in '46?" I asked. "No," said the old man, gently, "they are not worse, but they are just about as bad."

As Bad as in '46!

The very thought seemed to strike us dumb. No one spoke when the old man ceased, and in chilled silence I followed Father Boyle to the car. Visions of horror seemed to rise before my eyes. All the fearful things I had heard and read of the terrible famine of 1847 crowded into my mind. English incredulity and English apathy in 1846 had much to answer for in the horrors of 1847; and though England did then bestir herself and do her best, by charity, to retrieve her terrible blunders, the awakening came too late. Will it come too late again? Will England sit down now, and fold her hands, and say there is no danger? Will she wait till she sees God's people dying of hunger by the roadsides before she stirs herself to help and save them?

Now, Now is the Time to Help!

Give them work, is all they ask. They want no charity; they want work, and it is work they cannot get. I am told that here, in Donegal, there is a chance of a railway being constructed, and only to-day Mr. Jackson drove through Falcarragh on a journey of inspection connected with it. If the project is carried out it will help a few, and it is to be hoped something will be done, and done soon, not only here, but throughout Ireland.

The time is very short. It will not be many weeks before these poor hardworking people will begin to feel the

Loss of their Winter's Store of Food.

The young men who went over to Scotland last month (as is their custom) in the hope of making a little money at harvest work are already returning—empty-handed. The crops there are bad, and work is scarce, and the "boys," unless they want to starve in Scotland, are forced to come home without enough to the spring. The oat crop is all but spoiled, and altogether the outlook is, as Father Boyle said to me to-day, "desperate." The only chance of saving the corn was in the chance of a little fine weather. But for the last five days it has rained steadily, and now as I write, though the rain has ceased, there is a heavy mist lying over the land; the atmosphere is hot and steamy, and there is a deathly sort of stillness in the air, through which comes the hideous odour of the rotting potatoes like the very breath of famine and pestilence and plague.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
NORMA BORTHWICK.

[We sincerely hope the alarming letter of our correspondent will stimulate the Government to adopt measures promptly to save the suffering Irish peasants from starvation.—ED. *P.I.P.*]

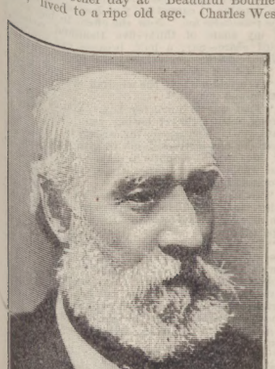
FACTS AND FACES.

"Parlez-vous Francais?"

To many tourists will this natural picture taken from life at a French Watering Place recall a fresh delight of the first visit to a bright holiday resort on the other side of the Channel. The crisp white goffered caps of the bronzed fisherwomen; the lively chatter of the Market Place; the rational bathing *en famille* of a morning in the exhilarating salt sea-waves; the music and dancing at the *Etablissement* are conjured up once again by M. Ramèy's admirable Drawing. There's necessary to speak French thoroughly to enjoy a bit of French life cheaply—though, in a few days of inexpensive evening colleges for working men and working girls, there's no excuse for any average Londoner of either sex being ignorant of French. English is spoken so generally at Boulogne-sur-Mer, which is within a few hours' journey of London, that the question "Parlez-vous Français?" is rarely put to English visitors. Boulogne, I'm glad to know, maintains its brightness and vivacity, and may be recommended to the late holiday-maker who desires a fillip of gaiety this autumn.

Mr. Cope, R.A.,

who died the other day at "Beautiful Bournemouth," lived to a ripe old age. Charles West



THE LATE MR. C. W. COPE, R.A.
From a Photograph by Messrs. Done and Ball, 12, Baker-street, Portman-square.

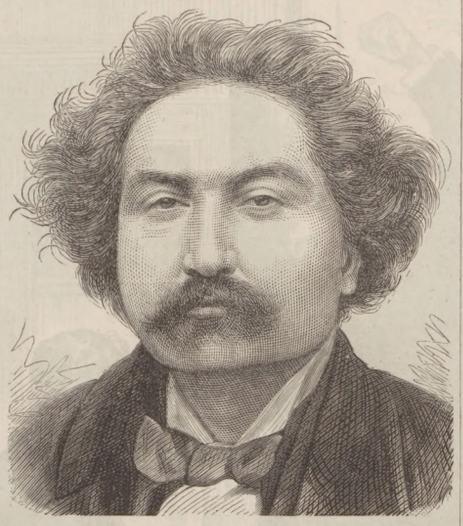
Cope, the retired Royal Academician here portrayed, was a native of Leeds. Son of Charles Cope, the landscape-painter, he was born in 1811, and studied Art first at the Royal Academy and in Italy. In '43 his cartoon "The First Trial by Jury" gained one of the first three prizes in the Westminster Hall competition. Among his most famous works are the eight frescoes in the Peers' Gallery at Westminster Palace. Mr. Cope was a very industrious painter. During his career he exhibited no less than one hundred and forty pictures at the Royal Academy, as well as many at other galleries.

Erckmann-Chatrian.

Who that reads books at all does not know the Erckmann-Chatrian novels, those stories which paint with such ghastly realism all the horrors of war, or tell in the simplest of French, and with the most charming style, of the blessings of peace? Their system of joint authorship has an English counterpart in the novels of Messrs. Besant and Rice; but these latter writers never scored together any success equal to "Madame Thérèse" or "L'Ami Fritz." They have been read by hundreds of thousands in France and by thousands in England, where they have an established place as school-books. The French novelists became acquainted in 1847, when one was a schoolmaster, the other a lawyer. But it was not till 1859 that the two writers made a name, their first popular book being "L'Illustre Docteur Mathéus." I know nothing more calculated to give one a horror of war than the account, in "Waterloo," of the crunching of the bones of the wounded soldiers under the moving cannon, and I know few prettier pictures of country life than that which tells of the love-making of Friend Fritz. Well, the partnership had been recently dissolved by a quarrel, and now it has been dissolved by death. The death of

M. Alexandre Chatrian

took place on Sept. 3. He was born in the village of Soldatenthal, in Alsace. His country, it will be remembered, was annexed to Germany in 1870, but his sympathies have continued to be strongly French. The son of a glassblower, he learnt the family calling in Belgium. Unlike the hero of one of his stories, he drew "a lucky number" at the conscription, and afterwards became one of the masters of the Phalsbourg College. His earlier literary ventures were unsuccessful, and he became a clerk in one of the French railways, afterwards rising to be principal cashier. His hours were ten to five, so that the popular stories which he wrote in co-operation with M. Erckmann were the work of his evening leisure.



THE LATE M. CHATRIAN.

The Kendals at Manchester.

Happening to be in Manchester the other day, I could not resist dropping into the Theatre Royal to see Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's first appearance on their return from America. Very gracefully and appropriately did Mrs. Kendal take to herself her character in "The Squire," and Mr. Kendal was no less effective as her lover and husband. The Kendals have always been popular at Manchester, and the prices through the house were raised for the occasion. As Miss Madge Robertson Mrs. Kendal obtained some of her first fame in the great Cotton City; it was there she was married, and in the suburbs that the happy couple spent their honeymoon.

Mr. Herbert Standing.

The revival of "Truth" at the Criterion reminds me of Mr. Herbert Standing, who plays the unscrupulous villain, Major Belgrave, so well in the new Drury-Lane drama. I remember it was the first decided impression made upon me of Mr. Standing's ability as a comedian when I saw him in "Truth" at the Criterion in January 1879—not but that he had done excellent work before that. He was first known on the London stage in 1858, at the Queen's Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Alfred Wigan, and, if my memory serves, it was in the part of Langford in "Still Waters Run Deep." He played Captain Hawksley at the Criterion revival a short time ago. He played, after the Queen's Theatre engagement, Prince Hal to the Falstaff of the late Mark Lemon, who was much better pleased with his acting of the fat Knight than with his editorship of *Punch*, albeit his conduct of our leading humorous journal redounded to his honour. Mr. Standing was the Don Manuel in Mr. Boucicault's "Dark Night's Work" at the Princess's; and afterwards, under Mr. Chatterton, Mr. Standing played with Mr. Phelps as Cassio in "Othello," also in "The Clandestine Marriage," Valentine in "Faust and Marguerite." After that he was seen at the Lyceum as Christian in "The Bells," and he appeared at the Prince of Wales's Theatre and the Mirror, Holborn, under Mr. Horace Wigan. In March 1877 he first appeared at the Criterion in "The Pink Dominoes," as Sir Percy Wagstaffe, but it was in 1879 that he most impressed me with his merits as a comedian. I thought he played admirably in "Truth," as he certainly does in "A Million of Money," although the character is not an elaborate one. Although substantial in figure, Mr. Standing has a buoyant, mercurial manner, and a crisp, easy delivery, which adds greatly to the effect of his comedy parts.

London's Water Supply

is so exorbitantly dear, and so inadequate to our wants, and the water companies are so imperious in their extravagant demands, so disobliging and exacting, that it is to be hoped the London County Council will bring these overbearing bodies to reason by tapping the chalk-hills in the vicinity of town for fresh and pure water. This being a question of urgent importance, I advise all interested in it (and what Londoner is not?) to read a valuable and seasonable article in the September Number of *Hygiene*. It is entitled "The London Water Supply," and is written by one intimately acquainted with the subject, Dr. Jabez Hogg, who winds up his timely paper by saying:—

It is well, then, that the polluted London water supply has once more come to the front. It is true that, at the best, a considerable time must elapse before any comprehensive scheme for a better supply, and from a new source, and under a central controlling body can be elaborated and brought into action; but the sooner the discontent with the present supply is brought to a climax the better for the community.

Mr. Clement Scott,

who has returned to town in buoyant health after a pleasant English holiday, has achieved a deserved success with his delightful book on "Poppy Land." Messrs. Carson and Commerford inform me that a *third* edition of 5000 copies is in the press. I congratulate Mr. Scott. Every Londoner interested in plays and players should book a place for Mr. Scott's lecture on the Drama and Actors and Actresses he has known: it is to open the Birkbeck Institute lecturing season in October.

The Pyrotechnic Display

given at the Crystal Palace on the gala day known as "Brock's Benefit" yielded great pleasure to upwards of sixty thousand visitors—an enormous assemblage, for whose bountiful entertainment a truly prodigious day's amusement had been organised. Brock's fireworks at the Crystal Palace have richly merited their world-wide fame. Their dazzling splendour on this occasion, the perfect harmony of colour shown in the purple and ruby and yellow stars that dropped from the golden harvest sheaf of fire; the mirth-moving whistling rockets, which may some day be taught to sing "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad"; the humorous boxing and cock-fighting matches; the clever serpent and butterfly effect; the grand new novelty of ships at the North Pole, with the moving sledge; and, in fine, the whole gorgeous spectacle, deeply gratified the tens of thousands present. Hie to the Crystal Palace on a fine evening for an agreeable hour or so's respite from town. THE PROMPTER.

Canon Liddon died at Weston-super-Mare on the morning of Sept. 9, suddenly. He had removed with Mrs. King, his sister, last week from Gloucestershire. Canon Liddon had been suffering from severe neuralgic attacks for nearly three months.

THE WHISTLING GIRL.

SHE has a taste for whistling,
A taste that's not permissible;
But still I don't object to it,
The pucker is so kissible.

THE INCORRIGIBLE BROTHER.

VISITOR: "What is that which no man wants, no man has, and no man can get rid of?"
Small Boy: "My sister Mary."

THE FLOWERS OF SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

WIFE: "I'm writing to Mrs. Van Cortlandt Lake, dear. Shall I put in any word from you?"
Husband: "That woman makes me deadly tired. Give her my kindest regards, of course."

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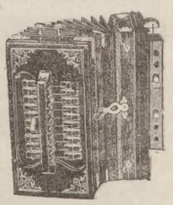

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"275, Rotherhithe New-road, London, 1890.

"Dear Sirs,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the 'Gem' Melodeon at 6s. 6d., with which instrument I am highly pleased; indeed, I can assure you an instrument with such a splendid tone cannot be had in London for any money. I will have pleasure in recommending the 'Gem' to all my friends.—I remain, yours truly, "ALFRED SMITH."

"1, St. Brelade's, High Park, Ryde, I. of W., 1890.

"Sirs,—Having this day received the 10s. 'Miniature' Melodeon I ordered from you, must say I am delighted with it, as it is the sweetest tone I have ever played upon, and shall recommend it to all my friends.—I remain, Sirs, yours truly, "C. E. MEWS."

"1, Jubilee-terrace, Lansdown-road, Forest-gate, "London, 1890.

"Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your beautiful 'Favourite' Melodeon, price 16s. 6d. I am very much pleased with its splendid tone, and heartily recommend it to all who require a convenient instrument for gospel open-air meetings.—Yours truly, S. BRADFORD. "For the Upton Park Christian Band."

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A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

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PART II.—CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CUP AND THE LIP.

TWO days after the Private View Alec Feilding repaired, by special invitation, to Mr. Jagenal's office.

"I have sent for you, Alec," said the solicitor, *ami de famille*, "in continuance of our conversation of the other day—about that little windfall, you know."

"I am not likely to forget it. Little windfalls of a thousand pounds do not come too often."

"They do not. Meantime another very important event has happened. I saw the announcement in the paper, and I received your note"——

"You are the only person—believe me—to whom I have thought it right to explain the circumstance"——

"Yes? The explanation, at all events, is one that may be given in the same words—to all the world. I have no knowledge of Mrs. Feilding's friends, or of any obstacles that have been raised to her marriage! But I am rather sorry, Alec, that you sent her to me under a false name, because these things, if they get about, are apt to make mischief."

"I assure you that this plan was only adopted in order the more effectually to divert suspicion. It was with the greatest reluctance that we consented to enter upon a path of deception. I knew, however, in whose hands I was. At any moment I was in readiness to confess the truth to you. In the case of a stranger the thing would have been impossible. You, however, I knew, would appreciate the motive of our action, and sympathise with the necessity."

Mr. Jagenal laughed gently—behind the specious words he discerned—something—the shapeless spectre which suspicion calls up or creates. But he only laughed. "Well, Alec," he said, "marriage is a perfectly personal matter. You are a married man. You had reasons of your own for concealing the fact. You are now enabled to proclaim the fact. That is all anybody need know. We condone the little pretence of the widowhood. Armorel Rosevean has lost her companion; whether she has also lost her friend I do not know. The rest concerns yourself alone. Very good. You are a married man. All the more reason that this little windfall should be acceptable."

"It will be extremely acceptable, I assure you."

"Whether it is money or money's worth?"

"To save trouble I should prefer money."

"You must take it as it comes, my dear boy."

"Well, what is it?"

"It is," replied Mr. Jagernal, solemnly, "nothing short of the sea giving up its treasures, the dead giving up her secrets, and the restoration of what was never known to be lost."

"You a maker of conundrums?"

"You shall hear. Before we come to the thing itself—the treasure, the windfall, the thing picked up on the beach—let me again recall to you two or three points in your own family history. Your mother's maiden name was Isabel Needham. She was the daughter of Henry Needham and Frances his wife. Frances was the daughter of Robert Fletcher."

"Very good. I believe that is the case."

"Your money came to you from this Robert Fletcher, your maternal great-grandfather. You should, therefore, remember him."

"I recognise," said Alec, sententiously, "the respect that should be paid to the memory of every man who makes money for his children."

"Very good. Now, this Robert Fletcher, as a young man, went out to India in search of fortune. He was apparently an adventurous young man, not disposed to sit down at the desk after the usual fashion of young men who go out to India. We find him in Burmah, for instance—then a country little known by Englishmen. While there he managed to attract the notice and the favour of the King, who employed him in some capacity—traded with him, perhaps; and, at all events, advanced his interests—so that, while still a young man, he found himself in the possession of a fortune ample enough for his wants"——

"Which he left to his daughters."

"Don't be in a hurry. That was quite another fortune."

"Oh! Another fortune? What became of the first?"

"Having enough, he resolved to return to his native country. But in Burmah there were then no banks, merchants, drafts, or cheques. He therefore converted his fortune into portable property, which he carried about his person, no one, I take it, knowing anything at all about it. Thus, carrying his treasure with him, he sailed for England. Have you heard anything of this?"

"Nothing at all. The beginning of the story, however, is interesting."

"You will enjoy the end still better. The ship in which he sailed met with disaster. She was wrecked on the Isles of Scilly. It is said—but this I do not know—that the only man saved from the wreck was your great-grandfather; he was saved by one Emanuel Rosevean, great-great-grandfather to Armorel, the girl whose charge your own wife undertook."

"Always that girl!" said Alec.

"Robert Fletcher was clinging to a spar when he was picked up and dragged ashore. He recovered consciousness after a long illness, and then found that the leather case in which all his fortune lay had slipped from his neck and was lost. Therefore he had to begin the world again. He went away, therefore. He went away"—— Mr. Jagenal paused at this point, rattled his keys, and looked about him. He was not a story-teller by profession, but he knew instinctively that every story, in order to be dramatic—and he wished this to be a very dramatic history—should be cut up into paragraphs, illustrated by dialogue, and divided into sections. Dialogue being impossible, he stopped and rattled his keys. This meant the end of one chapter and the beginning of another.

"Do, pray, get along!" cried his client, now growing interested and impatient.

"He went away," the narrator repeated, "his treasure lost, to begin the world again. He came here, became a stockbroker, made money—and the rest you know. He appears never to have told his daughters of his loss. I have been in communication with the solicitors of the late Eleanor Fletcher, your great-aunt, and I cannot learn from them that she ever spoke of this calamity. Yet, had she known of it, she must have remembered it. To bring all your fortune—a considerable fortune—home in a bag slung round your neck, and to lose it in a shipwreck is a disaster which would, one thinks, be remembered to the third and fourth generations."

"I should think so. But you said something about the sea giving up its treasure."

"That we come to next. Five years ago, by the death of a very aged lady, her great-great-grandmother, Armorel Rosevean succeeded to an inheritance which turned out to be nothing less than the accumulated savings of many generations. Among other possessions she found in this old lady's room a sea-chest containing things apparently recovered from wrecks, or drowned men, or washed ashore by the sea—a very curious and interesting collection; there were snuff-boxes, watches, chains, rings, all kinds of things. Among these treasures she turned out, at the bottom of the chest, a case of shagreen with a leather thong. On opening this case she found it to contain a quantity of precious stones, and a scrap of paper which seemed to show that they had formerly been the property of one Robert Fletcher. We may suppose, if we please, that the case containing the jewels was cast up on the beach after the storm, and tossed into the chest without much knowledge of its contents or their value. We may suppose that Emanuel Rosevean bought them. We may suppose what we please, because we can prove nothing. For my own part, I think there is no reasonable doubt that the case actually contained the fortune of Robert Fletcher. The dates of the story seem to correspond: the handwriting appears to be his: we have letters of his speaking of his intention to return, and of his property being in convenient portable shape."

"Well—then—this portable fortune belongs to Robert Fletcher's heirs?"

"Not so quick. How are you going to prove your claim? You have nothing to go by but a fragment of writing with part of his name on it. You cannot prove that he was shipwrecked, and if you could do that you could not prove that these jewels belonged to him."

"If there is no doubt, she ought to give them up. She is bound in honour."

"I said that in my mind there is no reasonable doubt. That is because I have heard a great deal more than could be admitted in evidence. But now listen again without interrupting. When, five years ago, the young lady placed the management of her affairs in my hands through the Vicar of her parish, I had every part of her very miscellaneous fortune valued and a part of it sold. I had these rubies examined by a merchant in jewels."

"And how much were they worth?"

"One with another—some being large and very valuable indeed, and others small—they were said, by my expert, to be worth thirty-five thousand pounds. They might, under favourable circumstances and if judiciously placed in the market, realise much more. Thirty-five thousand pounds!"

"What?" He literally opened his mouth. "How much do you say?"

"Thirty-five thousand pounds."

"Oh! But the stones are not hers—they belong—they belong—to us—to the descendants of Robert Fletcher." No one would have called that face wooden, now. It was full of excitement—the excitement of a newly awakened hope. "Does she propose to buy me off with a thousand pounds? Does she think I am to be bought off at any price? The jewels are mine—mine—that is, I have a share in them."

"Gently—gently—gently! What proof have you got of this story? Nothing. You never heard of it: your great-grandfather never spoke of it. Nothing would have been heard of it at all but for this old lady from whom Armorel inherited. The property is hers as much as anything else. If she gives up anything it is by her own free and uncompelled will. She need give nothing. Remember that."

"Then she offers me a miserable thousand pounds for my share—which ought to be at least a third, Jagenal"—he turned purple, and the veins stood out on his forehead—"that infernal girl hates me—she has done me—I cannot tell you how much mischief. She persecutes me. Now she offers to buy me off for a third share—nay, a half, because my great-aunt left no children—for a thousand pounds down!"

"I did not say so."

"You told me that the windfall would amount to a thousand pounds."

"That was in joke, my boy. You are perfectly wrong about Armorel hating you. How can she hate you? You are so far wrong in this instance that she has instructed me to give you the whole of this fortune—actually to make you a free gift of the whole property—the whole, mind—thirty-five thousand pounds!"

"To me! Armorel gives me—me—the whole of this fortune?" Blank astonishment fell upon him. He stood staring—open-mouthed. "To ME!" he repeated.

"To you. She does not, to be sure, know to whom she gives it. She is only desirous of restoring the jewels which she insists in believing to belong to Robert Fletcher's family. Therefore, as it would be obviously impossible to find out and to divide this fortune among all the descendants of Robert Fletcher who are scattered about the globe, she was resolved to give them to the eldest descendant of the second daughter."

"Oh!" Alec turned pale, and dropped into a chair, broken up. "To the eldest descendant of the second—the second daughter. Then"——

"Then to you, as the only grandson of the second daughter—Frances."

"The second daughter was"—— He checked himself. He sighed. He sat up. His eyes, always small and too close together, grew smaller and closer together. "The other branch of the family," he said slowly, "has vanished—as you say, it is scattered over the face of the globe. I do not know anything about my cousins—if I have any cousins. Perhaps when you have carried on the search a little further"——

[Drawn by Fred. Barnard.

His hand remained raised—he was speechless—he was motionless—he was helpless with blind rage and madness.

"But I am not going to carry it on any further at all. Why should I? We have nothing more to say. I am instructed by Armorel to give the rubies to you. It is a gift—not a right. It is not an inheritance, remember—it is a free gift. She says, 'These rubies used to belong to Robert Fletcher. I will restore them to someone of his kin.' You are that someone. Why should I inquire further?"

"Oh!" Alec sank back in his chair and closed his eyes as one who recovers from a sharp pang, and sighed deeply. "If you are satisfied, then—— But rather cousins should turn up"——

"They will have nothing, because nobody is entitled to anything. Come, Alec, my boy, you look a little overcome. It is natural. Pull yourself together, and look at the facts. You will have thirty-five thousand pounds—perhaps a little more. At four per cent. I think I can put you in the way of getting so much with safety—you will have fourteen hundred a year. You will have that, apart from your literary and artistic income. It is not a gigantic fortune, it is true; but let me tell you that it is a very handsome addition indeed to any man's income. You will not be able to live in Kensington Palace-gardens, where your wife lived as a girl; but you can take a good house and see your friends, and have anything in reason. Well, that is all I have to say, except to congratulate you, which I do, my Alec"—he seized the fortunate young man's hand and shook it warmly—"most heartily. I do, indeed. You deserve your good luck—every bit of the good luck that has befallen you. Everybody who knows you will confess. And it comes just at the right moment—just when you have acknowledged your marriage and taken your wife home."

"Really," said Alec, now completely recovered, "I am overwhelmed with this stroke of luck. It is the most unexpected thing in the world. I could never have dreamed of such a thing. To find out, on the same day, that one's great-grandfather once made a fortune and lost it, and that it has been recovered, and that it is all given to me—it naturally takes one's breath away at first."

"You would like to gaze upon this fortune from the Ruby Mines of Burmah, would you not?" Mr. Jagenal threw open the door of a safe, and took out a parcel in brown paper. "It is here." He opened the parcel, and disclosed the shagreen case which we have already seen in the sea-chest. He laid it on the table, and unrolled the silk in which the stones were rolled. "There they are—look common enough, don't they? One seems to have picked up stones twice as pretty on the seashore: here are two or three cut and polished—bits of red glass would look as pretty."

"Thirty-five thousand pounds!" Alec cried, having a hand, as if in episcopal benediction, upon the treasure. "Is it possible that this little bundle of stones should be worth so much?"

"Quite possible. Now—they are yours—what will you do with them?"

"First, I will ask you to put them back in the safe."

"I will send them to your bank, if you please."

"No—keep them here—I will consult you immediately about their disposition. Thirty-five thousand pounds! Thirty-five—perhaps we may get more for them. What am I to say to this girl? Perhaps when she learns who has got the rubies she will refuse to let them go. I am sure she would never consent."

"Nonsense—about persecution and annoyance! Armorel hate you? Why should she hate you? The sweetest girl in the world. You men of genius are too ready to take offence. The things are yours. I have given them to you by her instructions. I have written you a letter, formally conveying the jewels to you. Here it is. And now go home, my dear fellow, and when you feel like taking a holiday, do so with a tranquil mind, remembering that you've got fourteen hundred pounds a year given you for nothing at all by this young lady, who wasn't obliged to give you a penny. Why, in surrendering those jewels, she has surrendered a good half of her whole fortune. Find me another girl, anywhere, who would give up half her fortune for a scruple. And now go away, and tell your wife. Let her rejoice. Tell her it is Armorel's wedding present."

Alec Fielding walked home. He was worth thirty-five thousand pounds—fourteen hundred pounds a year. When one comes to think of it, though we call ourselves such a very wealthy country, there are comparatively few, indeed, among us who can boast that they enjoy an income of fourteen hundred pounds a year, with no duties, responsibilities, or cares about their income—and with nothing to do for it. Fourteen hundred pounds a year is not great wealth; but it will enable a man to keep up a very respectable style of living: many people in society have got to live on a great deal less. He and his wife were going to live on nothing a year, except what they could get by their wits. Fourteen hundred a year. They could still exercise their wits: that is to say, he should expect his wife, now the thinking partner, to exercise her wits with zeal. But what a happiness for a man to feel that he does not live by his wits alone! Alas! It is a joy that is given to few indeed of us.

As for his late literary and artistic successes, how poor and paltry did they appear to this man, who had no touch of the artist nature, beside this solid thing of money, worth all the artistic or poetic fame that ever was achieved!

He went home dancing. He was at peace with all mankind. He found it in his heart to forgive everybody: Roland Lee, who had so basely deserted him: Edie, that snake in the grass: Lady Frances, the most treacherous of women: Armorel herself—— Eh! Heavens! what could not be forgiven to the girl who had made him such a gift? Even the revolt against his authority: even the broken panel, the shattered lock, and the earthquake.

In this mood he arrived at home. His wife, the thinking partner, was hard at work in the interests of the new firm. In her hand was a manuscript volume of verse: on the table beside her lay an open portfolio of sketches and drawings.

"You see, Alec," she looked up, smiling, "Already the ghosts have begun to appear at my call. If you ask me where I found them, I reply, as before, that when one travels about with a country company one has opportunities. All kinds of queer people may be met with. Your ghosts, in future, my dear boy, will be of the tribe which has broken down and given in, not of those who are still young and hopeful. I have found a man who can draw—here is his portfolio full of his things: in black and white: they can be reproduced by some photographic process: he is in an advanced stage of misery, and will never know or ask what becomes of his work. He ought to have made his fortune long ago. He hasn't, because he is always drunk and indisputable. It will do you good to illustrate the Paper with your own drawings. There's a painter I have heard of. He drinks every afternoon and all the evening at a certain place, where you must go and find him. He has long since been turned out of every civilised kind of society, and you can get his pictures for anything you like; he can't draw much, I believe, but his colouring is wonderful. There is an elderly lady, too, of whom I have heard. She can draw too, and she's got no friends and can be got cheap. And this book is full of the verses of a poor wretch who was once a rising literary man, and now carries a banner at Drury-Lane Theatre whenever they want a super. As for your stories, I have got a broken-down actor—he writes better than he can act—to write stories of the boards. They will appear anonymously, and if people attribute them to you he will not be able to complain. Oh, I know what I am about, Alec! Your paper shall double its circulation in a month, and shall multiply its circulation by ten in six months, and without the least fear of such complications as have happened lately. They must be avoided for the future—proposals as well as earthquakes—my dear Alec."

Alec sat down on the table and laughed carelessly. "Zoe," he said, "you are the cleverest woman in the world. It was a lucky day for us both when you came here. I made a big mistake for three years. Now I've got some news for you—good news"——

"That can only mean—money."

"It does mean—money, as you say. Money, my dear. Money that makes the mare to go."

"How much, Alec?"

"More than your four thousand. Twenty times as much as that little balance in your book."

"Oh, Alec! is it possible? Twenty times as much? Eighty thousand pounds?"

"About that sum," he replied, exaggerating with the instincts of the City, inherited, no doubt, from Robert Fletcher. "Perhaps quite that sum if I manage certain sales cleverly."

"It is a legacy?—or an inheritance?—how did you get it?"

"It is not exactly a legacy: it is a kind of restoration to an unknown person: a gift not made to me personally, but to me unknown."

"You talk to me in riddles, Alec."

"I would talk in blank verse if I could. It is, indeed, literally true. I have received an—estate—in portable property worth nearly forty thousand pounds."

"Oh! Then we shall be really rich, and not have to pretend quite so much? A little pretence, Alec, I like. It makes me feel like returning to society: too much pretence reminds one of the policeman."

"Don't you want to know how I have come into this money?"

"I am not curious, Alec. I like everything to be done for me. When I was a girl there were carriages and horses and everything that I wanted—all ready—all done for me, you know. Then I was stripped of all. I had nothing to do or to say in the matter. It was done for me. Now, you tell me you have got eighty thousand pounds. Oh! Heavens! It is done for me. The ways of fate are so wonderful. Things are given and things are taken away. Why should I inquire how things come? Perhaps this will be taken away in its turn."

"Not quite, Zoe. I have got my hand over it. You can trust your husband, I think, to keep what he has got." Indeed, he looked at this moment cunning enough to be trusted with keeping the National Debt itself.

"Eighty thousand pounds!" said she. "Let me write it down. Eighty thousand pounds! Eight and one, two, three, four oughts." She wrote them down, and clasped her hands, saying, "Oh! the beauty—the incomparable beauty—of the last ought!"

"Perhaps not quite so much," said her husband, thinking that the exaggeration was a little too much.

"Don't take off one of my oughts—not my fourth: not my Napoleon of oughts!"

"No—no. Keep your four oughts. Well, my dear, if it is only sixty thousand or so there is two thousand a year for us. Two thousand a year!"

"Don't, Alec: don't. Not all at once. Break it gently."

"We will carry on the paper: and perhaps do something or other—carefully, you know—in Art. There is no need to knock things off. And if you can make the paper succeed, as you think, there will be so much the more. Well, we can use it all. For my part, Zoe, my dear, I don't care how big the income is. I am equal to ten thousand."

"Of course, and you will still pronounce judgments and be a leader. Now let us talk of what we will do—where we will live—and all. Two thousand is pretty big to begin with, after three years' tight fit; but the paper will bring in another two thousand easily. I've been looking through the accounts—bills and returns—and I am sure it has been villanously managed. We will run it up: we will have ten thousand a year to spend. A vast deal may be done with ten thousand a year: we will have a big weekly dinner as well as an At Home. We will draw all the best people in London to the house: we will"——

She enlarged with great freedom on what could be done with this income: she displayed all the powers of a rich imagination: not even the milk-maid of the fable more largely anticipated the joys of the future.

"And, oh! Alec," she cried. "To be rich again! rich only to the limited extent of ten thousand a year, is too great happiness. When my father was ruined, I thought the world was ended. Well, it was ended for me, because you made me leave it and disappear. The last four years I should like to be clean forgotten and driven out of my mind—horrid years of failing and enduring and waiting! And now we are rich again! Oh! we are rich again! It is too much happiness!"

The tears rose to her eyes: her soft and murmuring voice broke.

"My poor Zoe," her husband laid his hand on hers, "I am rejoiced," he said, "as much for your sake as for my own."

"How did you get this wonderful fortune, Alec?"

"Through Mr. Jagenal, the lawyer. It's a long story. A great-grandfather of mine was wrecked and lost his property. That was eighty years ago. Now, his property was found. Who do you think found it? Armorel Rosevean. And she has restored it—to me."

"What?" She sprang to her feet, her face suddenly turning white. "What? Armorel?"

"Yes, certainly. Curious coincidence, isn't it? The very girl who has done me so much mischief. The man was wrecked on the island where her people lived."

"Yes—yes—yes. The property—what was it? What was it! Quick!"

"It was a leather case filled with rubies—rubies worth at least thirty-five thousand pounds—— What's the matter?"

"Rubies! Her rubies! Oh! Armorel's rubies! No—no—no—not that! Anything—anything but that! Armorel's rubies—Armorel's rubies!"

"What is the matter, Zoe? What is it?"

She gasped. Her eyes were wild: her cheek was white. She was like one who is seized with some sudden horrible and unintelligible pain. Or she was like one who has suddenly heard the most dreadful and most terrible news possible.

"What is it, Zoe?" her husband asked again.

"You? Oh! you have brought me this news—you! I thought, perhaps, someone—Armorel—or some other might find me out. But you! you!"

"Again, Zoe"—he tried to be calm, but a dreadful doubt seized him—"what does this mean?"

"I remember," she laughed wildly, "what I said when I gave you the bankbook. If you found me out, I said, we should be both on the same level. You would be able to hold out your arms, I said, and to cry, 'You have come down to my level. Come to my heart, sister in wickedness.' That is what I said. Oh! I little thought—it was a prophecy—my words have come true."

She caught her head with her hand—it is a stagey gesture: she had learned it on the stage; yet at this moment of trouble it was simple and natural.

"What the DEVIL do you mean?" he cried with exasperation.

"They were *your* rubies all the time, and I did not know! Your rubies! If I had only known! Oh! what have I done? What have I done?"

"Tell me quick, what you have done." He caught her by the arm roughly. He actually shook her. His own face now was almost as white as hers. "Quick—tell me—tell me—tell me!"

"You wanted money badly. You told me so every time I saw you. It was to get money that I went to live with Armorel. I could not get it that way. But I found another way. She told me about the rubies. I knew where they were kept. In the bank. In a sealed packet. I had seen an inventory of the things in the bank. Armorel told me the story of the rubies, and I never believed it—I never thought that there would be any search for the man's heirs. I never thought the story was true. She told me, besides, all about her other things—her miniatures and snuffboxes, and watches and rings. She showed me all her beautiful lace, worth thousands. And as for the gold things and the jewels, they were all in the bank, in separate sealed parcels, numbered. She showed me the bank receipts. Opposite each number was written the contents of each, and opposite Number Three was written 'The case containing the rubies.'"

"Well? Well?"

"Hush! What did I do? Let me think. I am going mad, I believe. It was for your sake—all for your sake, Alec! All for your sake that I have ruined you!"

"Ruined me? Quick! What have you done?"

"It was for your sake, Alec—all for your sake! Oh, for your own sake I have lost and ruined you!"

"You will drive me mad, I think!" he gasped.

"I wrote a letter, one day, to the manager of the bank. I wrote it in imitation of Armorel's hand. I signed her name at the end so that no one could have told it was a forgery. My letter told him to give the sealed packet numbered three to the bearer who was waiting. I sent the letter by a commissionaire. He returned bringing the packet with him."

"And then?"

"Oh! Then—then—Alec, you will kill me—you will surely kill me when you know! You care for nothing in the world but for money—and I—I have stolen away your money! It is gone—it is gone!"

"You stole those rubies? But I have seen them. They are in Jagenal's safe. What do you mean?" he cried hoarsely.

"I have sold them. I stole them, and I sold them all—they were worth—how much did you say? Fifty—sixty—eighty thousand pounds? I sold them all, Alec, for four thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds! I sold them to a Dutchman in Hatton-garden."

"You are raving mad! You dream! I have seen them. I have handled them."

"What you have seen were the worthless imitation jewels which I substituted. I found out where to get sham rubies made of paste, or something—some cut and some uncut. I bought them, and I substituted them in the case. Then I returned the packet to the bank. I had the packet in my possession no more than one morning. The man who bought the stones swore they were worth no more. He said he should lose money by them: he was going away to America immediately, and wanted to settle at once, otherwise he would not give so much. That is what I have done, Alec."

"Oh!" he stood over her, his eyes glaring; he roared like a wild beast; he raised his hand as if to slay her with a single blow. But he could find no words. His hand remained raised—he was speechless—he was motionless—he was helpless with blind rage and madness.

His wife looked up, and waited. Now that she had told her tale she was calm.

"If you are going to kill me," she said, "you had better do it at once. I think I do not care about living any longer. Kill me, if you like."

He dropped his arm: he straightened himself, and stood upright.

"You are a Thief!" he said hoarsely. "You are a wretched, miserable THIEF!"

She pointed to the picture on the easel.

"And you—my husband?"

He threw himself into a chair. Then he got up and paced the room: he beat the air with his hands: his face was distorted: his eyes were wild: he abandoned himself to one of those magnificent rages of which we read in History. William the Conqueror—King Richard—King John—many mediæval kings used to fall into these rages. They are less common of late. But then such provocation as this is rare in any age.

When, at last, speech came to him it was at first stuttering and broken: speech of the elementary kind: speech of primitive man in a rage: speech ejaculatory: speech interjectional: speech of railing and cursing. He walked—or, rather, tramped—about the room: he stamped with his foot: he banged the table with his fist: he roared; he threatened: he cleared the dictionary of its words of scorn, contempt, and loathing: he hurled all these words at his wife. As a tigress bereft of her young, so is such a man bereft of his money.

His wife, meantime, sat watching, silent. She waited for the storm to pass. As for what he said, it was no more than the rolling of thunder. She made no answer to his reproaches; but for her white face you would have thought she neither heard nor felt nor cared.

Outside, Ford, the discreet man-servant, heard every word. Once, when his master threatened violence, he thought it might be his duty to interfere. As the storm continued, he began to feel that this was no place for a man-servant who respected himself. He remembered the earthquake. He had then been called upon to remove from its hinges a door fractured in a row. That was a blow. He was now compelled to listen while a master, unworthy of such a servant, brutally swore at his wife. He perceived that his personal character and his dignity no longer allowed him to remain with such a person. He resigned, therefore, that very day.

When the bereaved sufferer could say no more—for there comes a time when even to shriek fails to bring relief—he threw himself into a chair and began to cry. Yes: he cried like a child: he wept and sobbed and lamented. The tears ran down his cheeks: his voice was choked with sobs. The discreet man-servant outside blushed with shame that such a thing should happen under his roof. The wife looked on without a sign or a word. We break down and cry when we have lost the thing which most we love—it may be a wife; it may be a child; in the case of this young man the thing which most he loved and desired was money. It had been granted to him—in large and generous measure. And, lo! it was torn from his hands before his fingers had even closed around it. Oh! the pity—the pity of it!

This fit, too, passed away.

Half an hour later, when he was quite quiet, exhausted with his rage, his wife laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Alec," she said, "I have always longed for one thing most of all. It was the only thing, I once thought, that made it worth the trouble to live. An hour ago it seemed that the thing had been granted to me. And I was happy even with this guilt upon my soul. I know you for what you are. Yet I desired your love. Henceforth, this dreadful thing stands between us. You can no longer love me—that is certain, because I have ruined you—any more than I can hold you in respect. Yet we will continue to walk together—hand in hand—I will work and you shall enjoy. If we do not love each other, we can continue in partnership, and show to the world faces full of affection. At least you cannot reproach me. I am a thief, it is true—most true! And you, Alec! you—oh! my husband!—what are you?"

(To be continued.)

AN INTERESTING STORY.

I. II. III. IV.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE Braemar gathering, says the *World*, which took place on Thursday of last week in a "grass park" on the banks of the Dee, close to Balmoral, was a great success; for the weather was perfect, and there was an immense attendance, not only from Ballater and Braemar, but also from Aberdeen. The Duke and Duchess of Fife came to Balmoral from New Mar Lodge early, and lunched at the castle, and their guests drove over later, and arrived at the Royal stand just before the Royal party reached the ground.

The Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Duchesses of Connaught and Albany, and the other Royal ladies and all the children drove from Balmoral, while the Dukes of Connaught, Clarence, and Fife and Prince Henry (all in Highland garb) walked. The Royal pavilion was a most ornate structure, and was beautifully decorated with flowers, plants, and tartans. Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick's contingent from Invercauld included Lord Lathom and Sir Edmund Monson. The Queen gave a luncheon to three hundred clansmen (the Duff, Farquharson, Strathdon, and Balmoral men) in a marquee near the ground, and in the evening a ball was held in the iron ball-room at Balmoral.

The Prince of Wales, who is, and has been for some time past, in the best of health, returned to Marlborough House from Homburg at the close of last week, and subsequently went to Doncaster to see the St. Leger run for.

Sir Frederick Abel, the president of the British Association for the year, delivered his inaugural address at the annual meeting at Leeds on the evening of Sept. 3. He said he thought the greatest strides made by Science since the Association last met in Leeds, in 1858, had been in electricity, and he sketched the more recent developments and applications of that agent. The treatment of masses of steel consequent upon the labours of the chemical engineer led to observations in some detail upon the construction of steel guns, connected with which he noticed the experiments still pending upon smokeless powder.

The business of the Association commenced the following day. Captain Noble spoke of the indebtedness of the Naval and Military services to mechanical science. Papers were read upon the hydraulic steam lifeboat, the development of animals, railways in Persia, modern forms of industrial combination, technical education, and several other subjects.

The Bishop of Bangor presided over the meeting of the Eisteddfod on Sept. 3. He said he was determined to show his sympathy with Welshmen by an active participation in every movement having for its object the elevation and improvement of his fellow-countrymen. The Eisteddfod was such a movement, and therefore he gave it his active support.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (who has been staying at Llandudno) visited Bangor on the 4th. She was first conducted in procession to the Gorsedd, and there admitted to the ancient order of Bards. Her Majesty subsequently attended the Eisteddfod, heard several of the musical performances, and witnessed the chairing of the Bard, the Curate of Llanrwst, who had won the prize of the year as a poet. The Queen lunched at the Bishop's palace.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the author of the libretto of "The Gondoliers," applied to the Vacation Judge on the 3rd for the appointment of a receiver of the takings at the Savoy Theatre. He was dissatisfied with some items in the accounts furnished to him, and wished to have the accounts since 1883 examined. The application was opposed by Mr. D'Oyly Carte and Sir A. Sullivan, on the ground that it would destroy the lucrative business at the Savoy, which between April and July had yielded profits amounting to nine thousand pounds. Ultimately the plaintiff's counsel accepted an offer of an account up to July 4, to be presented within three weeks, and an immediate payment of one thousand pounds.

Mount Vesuvius has shown great activity during the last few days. A large stream of lava is to be seen pouring down one side of the mountain continually. Another crater has formed, and the other day, when the atmosphere was very clear, a second mouth, out of which issued smoke, could be clearly seen. This state of eruption has been going on for some days, and shows marked signs of increasing.

Two duels, in each case between Frenchmen, have taken place. M. Rochefort, having commented on M. Thiébaud's share in bringing about an interview between General Boulanger and Prince Napoleon, M. Thiébaud demanded satisfaction. After considerable difficulty, the adversaries met, and the latter received three flesh wounds, which, however, are said not to be dangerous. The other duel, which took place on the 7th, was between M. Labruyère, of the *Gil Blas*, and M. Mermeix, the author of "Les Coulisses de Boulangisme." The former was wounded in the hand.

On Saturday afternoon a man named Dixon successfully crossed the Niagara River below the falls on a wire rope stretched across. Great interest was taken in the proceedings, the banks being lined with thousands of spectators, who loudly cheered Dixon on the accomplishment of his feat.

A waiter and the daughter of a restaurant-keeper shot themselves the other day in Berlin, because the girl's parents would not agree to their marriage.

Heartrending accounts continue to come from the flooded districts of Hungary, and particularly from Prague. In the capital and in the adjacent districts people have been driven to take refuge on the roofs of houses and in trees, while food can only be conveyed to them with great difficulty.

An accident happened on the morning of the 4th inst. to the Calais night mail train on its way to Paris. The engine struck an iron girder which had fallen on the line. The engine-driver and the stoker were thrown over an embankment, and part of the train itself was shortly afterwards dragged over it. One of the railway servants was killed, and the guard suffered a compound fracture of the leg.

The eight-hours question was the principal topic discussed in the Trade Congress at Liverpool. It originated in a motion proposed by Mr. Marks for obtaining from Parliament a universal eight-hours day. To this an amendment was moved to the effect that a reduction could better be obtained through the Congress than through Parliament, which, from its constitution, was antagonistic to the rights of labour. Mr. W. Abraham, M.P., supported the motion, and said it lay with the constituencies to elect a House of Commons which would carry their views into effect. Mr. Fenwick, M.P., objected on economic grounds to seeking a legal eight-hours day, but Mr. Burns held that it could only be obtained either by legislation or by a general strike. The amendment was rejected by 181 to 173, and the motion carried by 193 to 155.

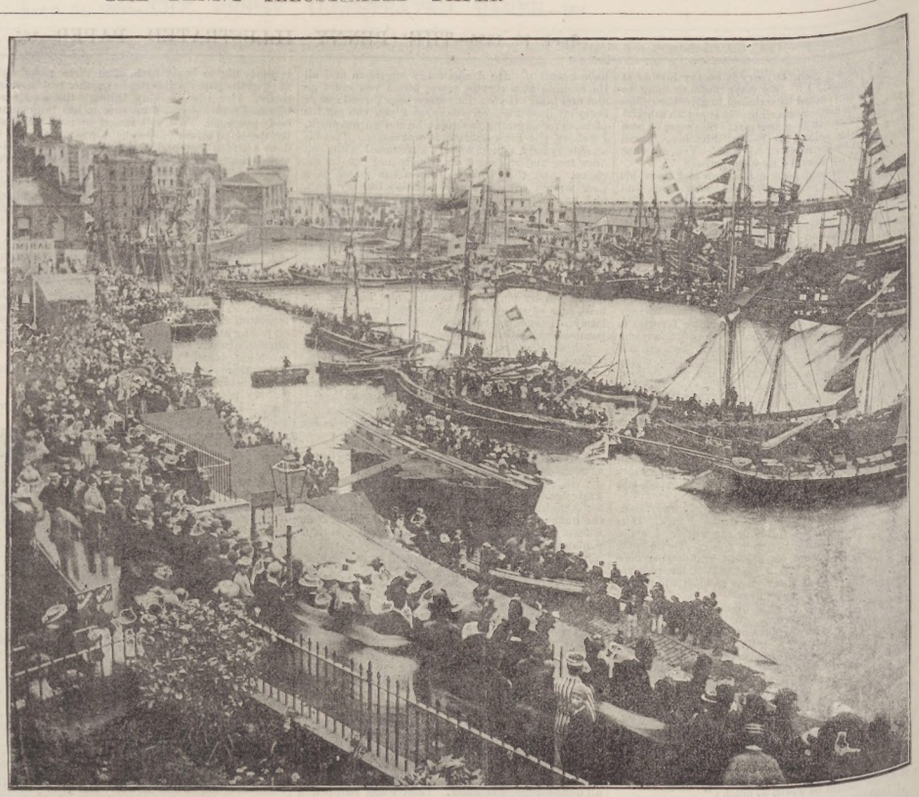
The election of a successor to Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., who resigned the office of secretary to the Parliamentary Committee after a tenure of fifteen years, excited much interest and no little feeling. The struggle lay between Mr. Shipton and Mr. Fenwick, M.P., and when the latter was declared elected there were evidences of strong partisanship.

Owing to the Australian strikes, a thousand special constables have been sworn in at Sydney.

A strike of dockers, corn, coal, and general porters, seamen, firemen, and others took place at Southampton on Monday. Pickets were posted on the roadway between the railway and the docks to prevent trains passing. The driver of a Dock Company's engine, who attempted to cross the road, was pulled off, and his locomotive backed into the station. As the result of an interview between the Watch Committee and the representatives of the strikers, the latter agreed to allow the mails and the passengers for American liners to pass into the docks, the Mayor undertaking that no non-Unionists should enter the docks last night. Steamers with perishable cargoes could not be unloaded.

A fatal boating accident occurred at Wannsee on Sunday afternoon. Two promising young artists, the sculptor Kafflack and the painter Weimar, both about thirty years of age, were drowned there while out for a sail. Another artist, who was with them, saved himself by swimming.

Ramsgate Regatta was so popular this year that it eminently deserves to be photographed in the *P.I.P.* It drew an immense number of spectators on Sept. 2, the courteous secretary, Mr. J. C. Dyson, informed me, in forwarding the photograph reproduced. The aquatic sports in the inner harbour is the great feature at this regatta, and this was witnessed by an immense concourse of people. The sports consisted of swimming-matches, a water display, walking the greasy pole, the miller and sweep, a swimming-match for amateurs of Thanet, an obstacle swimming race, water polo, and numerous other amusements. In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks by Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co., kings of firework-makers, also a grand Venetian fête. In addition to this, Mr. Hitter, the well-known diving contractor, blew up a vessel containing many well-known characters. The committee and Mr. J. C. Dyson may be congratulated on the success of the regatta.



RAMSGATE REGATTA PHOTOGRAPHED.

From a Photograph by Mr. H. D. Hogben, Photographer, 41, Queen-street, Ramsgate.

"THE MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES" CORRESPONDENCE IN THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH": HOW IT'S DONE.

THE FLEET-STREET EROS (to Sea-Serpent and Co.): "No; thanks! Don't want you! I've set the *D.T.* staff letters on matrimony. The old, old story pays best!"

Visitors to Brighton wishing to be well posted as to the "lions" of this exhilarating health-resort should arm themselves with a capital little handy-book—"Murray's Illustrated Penny Pocket Guide to Brighton"—furnished with a clear map and photographs of "London-by-the-Sea." It is published by Murray's Time-Table and Publishing Company, 4, Queen's Head-passage, Paternoster-row, E.C.

THE *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name CADBURY on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[ADVT.]

SEA AIR AND THE SKIN.—To prevent disagreeable effects of salt atmosphere, sun, or wind, always wash with SULPHOLINE SOAP. The skin then becomes fair, beautiful, spotless, and comfortable. At all times after sea-bathing it is advisable to freely use SULPHOLINE SOAP.—[ADVT.]

"I AM THY FATHER'S SPIRIT."

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The Cricket Season

is over, though, just as various causes tend to keep certain members of the "upper ten" in town when the majority are away at Ryde and Cowes, when county matches are over, the game is kept going for another month. The Australians will play one or another match or two for the delectation of out-districts, and possibly to their further enrichment, and the county grounds which, during June, July and August, have been hallowed by severely keen matches, will be the scene of many non-descript contests that will be none the less enjoyable and commendable because no county talent is displayed by them.

The Australians

will soon sail for their native land, and he is a bold man who shall venture to say when the next team will be. That the visit has done much good to English cricket no one attempts to suggest, though it is always a treat, and a lesson, to watch such splendid bowling as that of Turner and Ulyett. Without these two men no Australian team could have come to England this year. Their batsmen have been disappointing, Dr. Barrett being the only one who has maintained a steady average. He is the stonewall order of bat, without a spark of brilliancy or resource, as he has always shown when he has been confronted by a "tricky" slow bowler. Nothing more comical than the way he was "stuck" in the Lyric Club match by

W. W. Read's Full Pitches

I do not remember to have seen in the cricket-field, but even when Emmett has been at his best.

Murdoch

created great interest in the opening match at Sheffield with a fine score of over 90, and he had hard luck in being robbed of his "century" by the umpire. People naturally thought that the great batsman was as great as ever, and looked forward to his next 150 not out, like that one with which he began the season. But it never came; indeed, taken altogether, his season was his best innings. Let us hope that the disappointment of him by the artist is correct, that the Australians are not too large, and that the Australians are as thoroughly contented with their trip."

The great has seen some of the old favourites still at their best.

Abel,

the Surrey "stonewaller," after performing below his average came out with two magnificent innings in rapid succession towards the close of the season. These were 151 against Middlesex and 146 against Yorkshire, and these efforts aided him materially in heading the county batting averages with 39·2.

Mr. J. Shuter,

the Surrey popular, has been more noticeable for his pluck under adverse circumstances than for success with the bat, his average being only 15·6. But, with his eleven at the top of the list, he can afford to say, "Bother the average!" The match he lost to Kent by the departure of Lord Harris for Bombay was, of course, a serious one, especially as Surrey always have a difficulty in getting their best eleven together at one and the same time. Later on in the season they were able to do this, and consequently, during the Canterbury week, defeated the Australians, and morally beat Surrey as well, for the Surrey county had but one wicket to fall and only some forty-one to get when time was called. It is necessary to stated that Kent lost this match

By an Inch,

the reason for this statement being that Martin, with the absolutely last ball of the match, beat Sharp by failing to the stumps by an inch only! Had that ball missed the stumps by an inch only! Had that ball failed to have removed a ball, what excitement there would have been! And Kent would have tied Lancashire for second place among first-class counties, with seven victories.

Lord Harris,

in spite of his duties of Governor of Bombay, has found time to time made some big scores at cricket, and will play in the great match of India, Civil v. Military.

How much Kent lose by not having some of their best men always available is shown by the case of

Mr. W. H. Patterson.

This gentleman, whose batting at times bears the hallmark of genius, could play during the later portion of the season only. He played in eight innings, and was twice not out, and finished with the splendid average of 50·2!

Mr. W. G. Grace,

of the universal favourite,

what can be said except that we find him third on the batting average list among first-class bats? He is followed only by Shrewsbury and Gunn; and when it is taken into consideration his bowling—on some occasions this year quite phenomenally successful, as in the other week, he finished off I Zingari by taking the wickets of G. F. Vernon, W. C. Hedley, C. C. Clarke, and H. J. Mordaunt, for eighteen runs, in three overs and four balls—to say nothing of his batting at point and splendid generalship, we realise better than ever the right he has to be the first man whose name is written down when a representative England, or M.C.C. team is being selected. Against Kent Mr. Grace made 109 (not out), and was very unlucky on several subsequent occasions, just missing the hundred. His county average, just missing the hundred. His county average, just missing the hundred. In bowling W. G. comes second to Mr. Wootton (whose average is 13·5), with an average of 26·4.

His average is not the best for his county this season by a good deal, but still

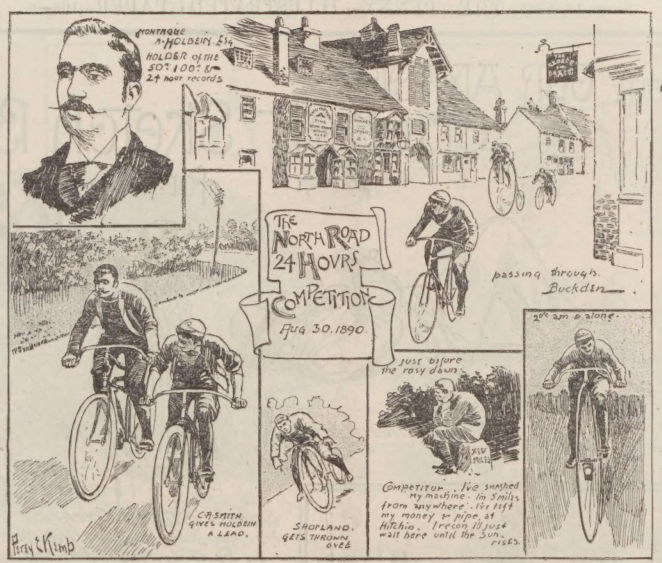
Burton

is the bowler whom Middlesex has chiefly relied upon for the has bowled far more than any other bowler. He has bowled far more than any other bowler. He has taken in all 53 wickets, his average being 19·7.

Football

has been played for a month or so in Scotland already, but not until Saturday was a commencement made in England, though this was quite a month too early. The season is easier early beginners have no other game to fall back upon to fly to, and the close season is, to a true footballer, a time of purgatory.

Saturday they opened proceedings with matches in the various Leagues, and there is now a



Scottish Football League,

with all the chief clubs playing in it, Queen's Park excepted. Proceedings in this contest were interrupted on Saturday by the playing of the first round in the Scottish Cup all over the country. Here, again, Scotland is some weeks ahead of England, for the draw for the

English Cup

has only just taken place. At Glasgow they had one of their usual enormous crowds to witness Celtic beat Glasgow Rangers by one goal to nil. Third Lanark won their tie easily enough from Battlefield, Queen's Park beating Thistle by five goals to three. Renton, however, to the surprise of all, were put out of the competition by Kilsyth Wanderers, who beat them by two goals to one.

The irrepressible Scotch were answerable for a couple of matches in the London district on Saturday, the 93rd Highlanders and Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, playing a drawn game of one goal each at Plumstead, the London Caledonians and Millwall Athletic, at Millwall, arriving at a precisely similar result.

The League and the Football Alliance were both very busy. In the League contest the Wolverhampton Wanderers beat Aston Villa by two goals to none, Bolton Wanderers beat Notts County by four to two, Derby County beat Blackburn Rovers by six to three, and Everton beat West Bromwich Albion by four goals to one. It will be interesting to notice how this form of the first round is borne out by subsequent play when all have had a few weeks' practice.

Cyclists

will be interested in the sketches of Holbein and the photograph of Osmond my Editor gives this week. I have spoken so recently of Osmond's extraordinary form that I need not add another word to the brief record given of him on another page. Holbein's wonderful day's ride, of which Mr. Percy Kemp favours us with a pictorial souvenir, was commented on by me last week. He covered 324 miles in the day last year, and this year has beaten that with the record of 336¼ miles in the twenty-four hours. Yet another distinguished young cyclist is portrayed in Holbein's company.

The Pump-Room Baths, Leamington,

was on Saturday the scene of the

500-Yards Amateur Swimming Championship.

There were but three competitors, of whom W. Evans, Manchester Swan Club, who has already won the half-mile championship, proved victorious, in 7 min. 23 2-5 sec. BANSHEE.

THE RACING WORLD

Lord Rosslyn's Death.

As our racing laws do not permit of depositing money in advance to cover nominations even for the big classic events, Lord Rosslyn's death might have cost St. Serf's right to run in the St. Leger. Fortunately the colt, who was bred by the late Lord, was nominated by his purchaser while a youngster, so that the entry stood. Curiously enough, not a few speculators who had not earlier befriended the Duke's colt, and were inclined to be on Memoir, turned round on Monday and gave the colt support, with the result now known. This was the more curious, because the filly seemed to pull herself together in the Saturday's gallop, and fairly beat Semolina in a strong turn at Newmarket. She appeared no worse for her rest—in fact, the touts declared that the spell of potfering about had benefited her. To the last bookmakers refused to believe in her, and the market went strongly against her. All manner of stories were current concerning Surefoot, despite good outlays from presumably well-informed quarters. Certain shrewd performers who get news somehow from the most out-of-the-way quarters swore hard and fast that the Derby failure had never done half represented during his St. Leger preparation. They did not mind about what the owner thought, or care for the trainer's expressions of confidence. What they had seen they would believe until good grounds for varying opinion came before them, and they declined to accept the favourable evidence at any price.

Judges Differed

as to Surefoot's merits, but the variance regarding Kingsclere's string was more remarkable. Here room for falling out was great—in fact, of the five reckoned

MR. T. EDGE OF MANCHESTER
WHO COMPLETED 334
MILES IN THE 24 HOURS.

probable starters, all but Orwell was someone's champion. If Rightaway be right he would do the trick. Sainfoin had been tried better than Blue Green, swore another division, who were flatly contradicted by a separate contingent, who declared confidently that the boot was on the other leg, and Blue Green superior in home gallops. Neither condescended to heed the trainer's plain statement that the pair had never been together, and were each to do the best possible for the respective owners, Sir James Miller and the Duke of Westminster. A weak minority positively went the length of hinting that Gonsalvo might upset all the cracks. Then we had Martagon put about as a better place investment than the stable companion Alloway, and the latter made out, on some curious process of reasoning, to be quite as good as Marion, taking Ponza's form. Ponza, too, was installed the keynote for demonstrating that Queen's Birthday ought to be absolutely first favourite and win. Even Oddfellow's friends clung to the (on paper) forlorn hope, and really not one whose jockey weighed out was without faithful admirers right up to the fall of the flag, not to mention the noisy demonstrations during the struggle. If the difference of opinion did not alter friendship, it was a most important factor in drawing together an immense concourse of spectators. In fact, the monster attendance was due to the fine weather leading up to the meeting. With such beautiful days and calm if cold nights, the Yorkshire folk and others made up their minds to be on the Town Moor on Wednesday. Come rain or shine, there they would be, and were, enjoying themselves, and betting to a man, woman, or child, and talking horse. The two H's are theirs—horses and ham. They talk horse in the intervals of eating ham, and are not particular if they hold forth, so as to be doubly employed, discoursing as best they may with their mouths full, or getting on that way. We were

Once More Scandalised

by the hordes of thieves of various crafts, who line approaches to the track, and swindle her Majesty's liege through all manner of artful dodges. As usual, officers made a sort of show of battling with them, but were not able to prevent many robberies. As usual, the town was unpleasant to the senses; but, as the Corporation plead, racing men find their way on to two or three roods only, and on these the extra traffic is enormous. Count the number of horses and perspiring human beings who pass up and down to the course on the four race days, say the defenders of Doncaster. Can you expect this great procession, repeated as it is, to make the place otherwise than fusty?—not to follow Ingoldsby's rhymes further. One must admit that they have some reason on their side. All the same, one cannot deny that the roads do smell vilely, and that carbolic preparations, used in sufficient quantities, would have made Hercules's Augean labours not much to talk about.

HE ATE THEM.

EMPLOYER (sternly): "You said you were going to a funeral yesterday, and I hear you went fishing!"
Clerk: "Well, I buried the fishes!"

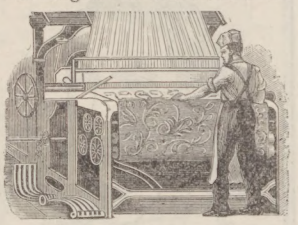
WORMS IN CHILDREN—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 4½d. each.—[ADVT.]

10,000 CARPETS.

4/6 EACH. GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS. 4/6 EACH.

UNPARALLELED OFFER.

The Largest ever Sold at the Price.



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These Carpets are made of a material equal to wool, and being a specialty of our own, they can only be obtained **Direct From Our Looms**, thus saving the purchaser **any Middle Profits.**

Send for sample, and, if not satisfied, **Money will be Returned in Full.**

All Orders are executed same day as received.

A Beautiful-Woven RUG, to match Carpet, sent for **1s. 6d. extra.**

SPECIAL OFFER. TWO CARPETS AND TWO RUGS for 10s.

This Extraordinary Offer may not be repeated.

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The words "Union Bank" should be written across all Postal Orders, and made payable to J. HARGREAVES, at G.P.O. Address—

THE BRITISH CARPET-WEAVING CO.,
31, Old Street, Aldersgate, London, E.C.

Guy's Tonic.
Guy's Tonic.

FOR

INDIGESTION & NERVOUSNESS.

THESE troublesome complaints are cured more speedily by GUY'S TONIC than by any known remedy, a few doses invariably accomplishing more than a prolonged course of any other treatment. Despairing invalids suffering from the most obstinate forms must not lose hope until they have given this excellent vegetable Tonic a fair trial. For loss of appetite, pain after eating, and sluggish liver, GUY'S TONIC is superior and preferable to all other preparations. For restoring nervous and debilitated constitutions, removing brain-weariness, nerve-waste, languor, and despondency, the most implicit confidence can be placed in this simple, safe, and efficient remedy.

INTERESTING STATEMENTS.

INDIGESTION.

"I have no hesitation in saying there is no other medicine that could have cured me in so short a time. The fearful miseries I endured no tongue can tell. My stomach was weak, my liver sluggish, and my nerves prostrated; and all this was removed by GUY'S TONIC.
"WILLIAM PEARSON."

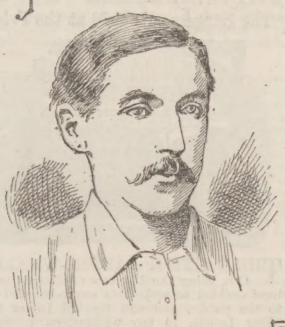
NERVOUSNESS.

"I have the greatest confidence in recommending GUY'S TONIC in cases of nervousness with depression resulting from an inactive liver and feeble digestive powers. I quickly perceived a benefit, for I became quite cheerful and happy. The 'Guide to Digestion' accompanying the bottle I found of much value in my case.
"EDWARD SPENCER."

Should you have failing health, no matter from what cause, don't hesitate, but procure GUY'S TONIC at once. The most obstinate, chronic, and complicated maladies are yielding daily to this matchless medicine.

GUY'S TONIC is sold by all Chemists, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. If you cannot obtain it promptly, send the amount (2s. 9d.) to Guy's Tonic Co., 4, Ludgate-circus, London, and it will be sent by return, post paid. Insist upon having Guy's Tonic. No substitute whatever should be accepted.

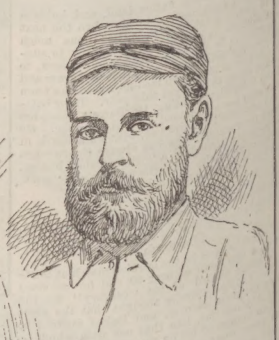
NOTES from OUR ARTIST'S Cricket Sketch Book for 1890.



Mr. J. Shuter
The Captain of Surrey
(Champion Team)

A Sketch during the Luncheon Interval.

One who attends Cricket Matches in this costume so as to be taken for one of the players.

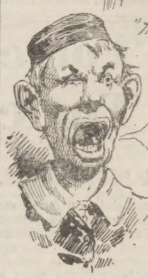


Burton
The steadiest of slow bowlers and mainstay of the Middlesex attack.

A Free Pass into the Oval

The Reception Committee on the other side

Mr W. H. Patterson (Kent)
Whose Batting Average for 8 Innings is 50.35



"The Doctor" has not lost his cunning yet

This week's Cricket sah!!!!!!

The Paper Demon at the Oval

Abel
Top of Surrey's First-Class County Averages for Batting
39.11
Bravo! Gur'nor

One of the Lady Cricketers

"Lord Harris"
a face greatly missed at this year's Canterbury Week.

A Lady Cricketer "on the wing"

The Australians will go Home quite contented with their Trip —

10.9.90

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A "P.I.P." ARTIST'S REMINISCENCES OF THE CRICKET SEASON.—[SEE "THE WORLD OF PASTIME."]

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Never was a Boxing Night audience seemed the more delightful of people that thronged Drury-Lane Theatre, beautifully bright and very cheerful, on Saturday night last. That pit and gallery were in the best of good humour was clear from the sounds of applause that greeted Mr. Augustus Harris when he entered the Managerial box with Mrs. Harris—a kindly compliment, perhaps, intended to congratulate Augustus Druriolanus on his recent election as one of the Sheriffs of London. The new melodrama written for the occasion by Messrs. Henry Pettitt and Mr. Harris turned out to be precisely of the kind I predicted—an "up-to-date" play of fast Turf life, showing how a young Captain in the Guards runs through a fortune in an incredibly short time. As many scenes of modern London life are presented and even magnificently presented on the Drury-Lane stage, "A Million of Money" contains the lovers of melodrama with the adventure they relish most, and hence this fresh edition of the Old Drury Kaleidoscope will most likely entertain large houses till December next.

"A Million of Money" (as may be gathered from the salient features reproduced by a special Press Artist) does not differ materially in plot from many other Drury Lane dramas of an exciting nature. Mr Charles Warner (who has returned from Australia to the full as boisterous and vigorous in speech as he was of old) enacts the part of the extravagant scapegrace hero, a Captain in the Guards, who, secretly married to the charming daughter of a country sporting squire, comes into a "windfall"—no less than a Million of Money," in fact—and forthwith neglects his sweet "better half" for the decidedly less attractive Delilah, a matron who fascinates him as "La Traviata" captivates the operatic tenor, and then quits him when her pigeon is plucked to marry a callow nobleman—office of his. The Guards being ordered abroad, the Warneresque hero of this new version of "La Traviata" or "Formosa" leaves London without being reconciled to the wife he has so shamefully neglected. The ship carrying husband (Warner and his Delilah and her second legal mate to come a-cropper through the alliance with her) are saved from a watery end in the ocean, and, during their "all-hands-down-out" conversation on this reef, the wife is seen in a dream by the sorrowing husband at home. She calls him. Though thousands of miles separate them, he hears the call—a phenomenon by no means prepared to deny, inasmuch as he may be a spiritual as well as an electric telegraph, for aught I know. Perhaps Mr. Pettitt has discovered how the spiritual telegraph can be worked; at any rate the ex-schoolmaster has within his reach a longer measure of wealth even than he secures by his skilfully constructed dramas. Be that as it may, Warner, of the boisterous voice, obeys the summons, and returns to his wife, to be consolingly forgiven—returns in the nick of time, for the good-looking Mephistopheles of the piece (Mr. Herbert Standing) from buying a number of gold-mine shares which have greatly increased in value. The moral would have been better if poverty had awaited the spendthrift on his coming back; for Wealth brought him but gilded Misery, while, with its impecunious companion, Happiness was again within his reach. But little more than effective situations can be looked for in a Drury-Lane drama, and you have plenty of them, in all conscience, in "A Million of Money."

"A Million of Money" has been mounted with more than accustomed splendour by Mr. Augustus Harris, and is well worth seeing for its brilliant scenes, the clever handiwork of Mr. Conney and Mr. W. Perkins. Opening with a very pretty set of the Parsonage garden, Bucks, it presents resplendent interiors of palatial character, a remarkably good realistic picture of the Grand Stand on the Derby Day, and a faithful reproduction of the Welcome Club at the Fisheries Exhibition, which fills "the gods" with delight.

Mr. Charles Glenny carried off the histrionic honours, and fairly won his double recall, by his singularly intense acting as St. Clair, the first husband victimised by the designing Mrs. St. Clair (Miss Lingard), a poor fellow suffering from del. trem., who dies while denouncing his wife's perfidy, in the gaily illuminated grounds of the French Exhibition. As Harry Dunstable, Mr. Warner was the recipient of a cordial welcome, and rattled through his part with characteristic gusto. I liked Miss Jessie Millward very much indeed. She was gentle, winsome, and sympathetic as Mary Maythorne, and should have been given more to do in the play. Miss Fanny Brough, the racing parson's niece, was sprightly as ever, and had a brace of sweethearts in Mr. Harry Nicholls (whose Tom Cricklewood won much favour) and in the Turf adventurer, played well by Mr. Shepherd. As Captain Belgrave, Mr. Standing was coolly diabolical, and was distinctly of value to "A Million of Money," the joint authors of which were honoured with special calls at the close. "A Million of Money" is sure of a good run.

Necessarily holding over a notice of "Truth" at the Criterion, I may as well give the cast of the next grand production of the autumn, Mr. Henry Irving's splendid production of "Ravenswood" at the Lyceum, on Sept. 20:—

Edgar Ravenswood, Mr. Irving; Hayston of Bucklaw, Mr. Terriss; Caleb Balderstone, Mr. Mackintosh; Craigengelt, Mr. Wenman; Sir William Ashton, Mr. Alfred Bishop; the Marquis of Athole, Mr. F. H. Macklin; Bide-the-Bent, Mr. H. Howe; Henry Ashton, Mr. Gordon Craig; Monerieff, Mr. F. Tyars; Thornton of Lyddell, Mr. Haviland; a Priest, Mr. Lacy; Lockhard, Mr. Davis; Lucy Ashton, Miss Le Thiere; Ailsie Gourlay, Miss Marriott; Annie Winnie, Mrs. Pauncefort; and Lucy Ashton, Miss Ellen Terry.

Mr. Bram Stoker further informs me that the scenery has been painted by Mr. Hawes Craven; that the dresses have been designed by Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A.; and that the music has been specially composed by Dr. A. Mackenzie.

THESPIS.

SCENES FROM THE NEW DRURY-LANE DRAMA, "A MILLION OF MONEY."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Matrimony.

THE correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph* about which I wrote last week still goes on; and if all the letters are genuine, which, as I told you, I am inclined to doubt, we have proof positive that there are a great many people in the world who have nothing better to do.

One Selfish Young Man—

I must say I approve of him for having the courage to say exactly what he thinks—has got himself much abused for explaining that he refuses to marry because he thinks he is much better off as a bachelor. He says honestly he prefers his club, which gives him more luxuries than a home could ever afford, and asks why he should exchange that sort of existence for life "in some back street, with stuffy children crying." Why, indeed! A man who is selfish to the core would be little short of mad if he allowed his feelings to run away with him to the extent of inducing some confiding girl to become his

Partner for Life.

His income will not, he says, "run to keeping two in anything like style—at least, not without sacrificing a lot of one's pleasures and comforts." This remarkably frank young man then goes on to explain that "One of the first things a fellow does when he marries is to begin to look shabby. Why? Because he has his wife and family to clothe, and can't afford himself more than three or four new suits a year, poor wretch!" Poor wretch, indeed! I began by approving of him, but I begin to suspect that his letter is a "bogus" affair too. Men are very selfish, I know. Nature made them to match some—not all—of the women. But I think the man who was capable of the selfishness expressed in the above quotation would be too selfish to expose himself to scorn in that defiant manner! If he does exist, I think he is very right not to chain any woman down to the lifelong misery of being his wife! Just think what her life would be. Every time she put on a new dress or bonnet he would look upon himself as defrauded of a new suit, or some of those luxuries his great soul desires. Yet, although we turn away in disgust when a man makes such an open parade of his selfishness, no thoughtful person can deny that, in some way, the

World of Women—

to say nothing about men—would be a brighter world if men did not, as is so often the case, drag the girls they love down into poverty. You will have observed, perhaps, that the selfish gentleman already quoted objects to marriage because he must suffer privations as a husband. Nothing is said of the probable, I may say the certain, privations of the woman who has the doubtful honour of being

His Wife.

It does not occur to him that as his wife she may have four gowns less every year than she had as a girl, and that she has far more of the bother and worry of what he elegantly calls the "stuffy children" than he has. From her point of view he never looks. It is all the capital "I," from beginning to end; and I am sure I hope he will keep in the same mind and remain a bachelor, with as many new suits every year as he chooses to buy. I am as strongly

Against Poor Marriages

as if I were the most selfish man in the world; but I am against them for the sake of the poor, harassed wife, upon whom the lion's share of the work, worry, and anxiety falls. Look at her on those days miscalled "holidays"! She is never to be seen without a heavy baby in her arms. Just think how they must ache! And if you observe these family parties closely you will notice that the father and mother rarely talk to one another. They are not silent because they have quarrelled, but because they have nothing to say; or they are too tired, and too utterly bored for conversation. Or it may be that the eternal difficulty of

Making Both Ends Meet

presses heavily, and will not be put aside.

And now let us turn for awhile from poverty to riches, for I think you would like to hear about a dress made recently for

An American Bride,

which has "beaten the record" of almost any wedding-gown ever designed for costliness, as well as for the beauty of the old lace with which it was trimmed. It is said that for nearly a month the old curiosity shops of Alençon were searched to find the quantity required for the trimming of this wonderful garment. The cream satin of which the dress was made was specially ordered from Lyons, and the train, three yards in length, was covered with two lengths of the lovely lace, and trimmed with trails of orange-blossom. The bodice was also profusely trimmed with the lace, and the whole of this rich garniture was insured for eight hundred pounds, while duty to the amount of three hundred was paid at the New York Custom House before the bride could really call her wedding-dress her own.

An American Wedding,

by the way, celebrated in London with much heartiness and good feeling at a party I had the pleasure of joining in last week, differed so much from our ordinary English form of marriage that

FASHIONABLE VISITING-GOWN.

its salient features may well be mentioned here. Fairy-lights illuminated the garden. Dancing on the lawn! And didn't the light summer frocks look pretty in the swing of the waltz! It was about two o'clock in the morning when we drank right cordially to the bride and bridegroom being married at that time some three or four thousand miles away, the actual wedding being solemnised in America at nine o'clock in the evening (you see, we had to allow for the difference between London and Transatlantic time) at the residence of the brightly intelligent bride's parents, as is the custom there. I was informed by the hospitable gentlewoman who was our hostess that the room in which the marriage ceremony was performed would be smothered in flowers, and that the happy pair (the happiest of unions to them!) would, in accordance with the American fashion, stand under a canopy raised in the centre of the room, likewise embellished with flowers. We have reached the afternoon for fashionable weddings in London. Who knows that 9 p.m. weddings may not soon be in vogue here, after the mode of our American cousins?

The Visiting Gown

copied from the *Lady's Pictorial* this week formed part of the tasteful trousseau of Miss Grace Hawthorne, a charming girl lately married in Dublin to Mr. Edwin Bratt. Her bride-dress was a dream of beauty—it was of rich white faille, the front exquisitely embroidered in pearls. The bodice and lengthy train were of superbly figured damask; with vest and collar of pearled lace, and sprays of orange-flowers on the breast and cuffs. The bride's going-away dress was of light grey vicuna cloth, elegantly braided with silver, and a huge low-crowned hat of pure white beaver, trimmed with a cluster of ostrich-tips.

Hats

with a curious sort of double crown have appeared in some of the London shops for autumn wear. The second crown overlaps the first, but neither of them is large or high. Height is gained by piling up the trimming of flowers or feathers. I do not think they are very pretty; but they are a degree less hideous than the sailor hat with the very minute brim which has been so much in vogue this summer. Some women seem to take such a perverse pleasure in making guys of themselves, and Venus herself would not look well in a narrow-brimmed sailor hat. Black bonnets and hats with coloured dresses seem to be coming in again. It is a pretty and economical fashion. Bonnets to match the sleeves of the dress are also pretty. The wet summer we have had seems to have inspired the makers of

Waterproof Cloaks

with new and really pretty designs for those garments. Not very long ago it was impossible to get anything in the shape of a waterproof that was not ugly and unbecoming. Now they are quite graceful and elegant. The old macintosh, which smelt so unpleasantly, has disappeared, and in its place we have waterproof woollen cloth, and cloaks made of it are as

Charming and Pretty

as any woman need desire.

Every day almost I see advertised some new mode of

Holding up the Dress

out of doors. I have not tried any of these inventions, for I confess I have not much faith in them. When they are successful, and not ungraceful, they are almost always difficult to manipulate, and they go out of order on very small provocation. I have heard one called the "Eclipse" very much praised, but I have not seen it.

I came across some useful little books the other day I should like to mention. If any of my readers would like a great variety of receipts for

Salads and Sandwiches,

I can recommend a book called "Salads and Sandwiches," by T. Herbert, price one shilling, in which there are receipts innumerable. Very few people seem to be aware that sandwiches can be made of anything except beef or ham; and fewer still that sandwiches made of minced or pounded meat are much more digestible—nicer, in fact, in every way—than when whole slices are put between two layers of bread. Another little book is one of

"Sylvia's," for Fancy Workers.

It teaches how to do "Drawn linen work," than which nothing is prettier for afternoon tea or sideboard cloths, dessert d'oyleys, and such like. The directions seem to be very plain, and the illustrations helpful. MARGUERITE.

WHISTLER'S "GENTLE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES."

THERE was a row in the lobby of Drury-Lane Theatre last Saturday night, and a scuffle took place, in which the contestants were Mr. J. M'Neill Whistler, the eccentric artist, and Mr. Augustus Moore, editor of the *Hawk*. There are several accounts of the fracas, but the most trustworthy states that Mr. Whistler struck Mr. Moore over the back of his shoulders, with no further warning than the cry of "*Hawk! Hawk! Hawk!*" and that Mr. Moore, who is the taller man, and a smart boxer, promptly turned round and knocked Mr. Whistler down, after which the attack was not renewed. A crowd of journalists and others gathered to discuss the fracas, and among them Mr. Horace Lingard, who called Mr. Moore aside and questioned him angrily as to a paragraph which appeared in the *Hawk* concerning himself. An altercation ensued, and in a few moments blows were exchanged, and a wrestling match was commenced, but was speedily interrupted by Mr. Latham, Mr. Harris's secretary, and a police inspector. Mr. A. M. Moore, who had some time before given an actor a useful lesson in the "noble art of self-defence," returned to his seat in the stalls with admirable *sangfroid*; but Mr. Whistler is said to have fled from the theatre after a flourish of his card supposed to be suggestive of Calais Sands.

"Romance" is the title of a capital new penny weekly devoted to wholesome fiction and prize-giving, and destined to be a welcome guest in thousands of homes. *Romance* is conducted by Mr. Harry Blyth, who contributes an engrossing serial, "The Queen's Secret"; and *Romance* is the enterprising production of Mr. William Pile, of Carshalton.

LEGAL COLUMN

["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of* "The Penny Illustrated Paper."

Correspondents are requested to observe the rule as to furnishing their names and addresses. They do not always like to have their own names published, for this little office has more than "Constant Reader," in which case either name or initials requested (in cases in which they do not) to give some other name to appear more than once in the same issue. Some initials or letters could always be given.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SECRETARY.—You should register your society, so as to give it a legal status and be able to prove its existence strictly. Some difficulty might otherwise arise. Write the Registrar of Friendly Societies, 28, Abingdon-street, London, S.W., for particulars, and state the facts mentioned in your letter to us.

HYTHE.—The Building Societies Act 1874 enables the society to pay out deposits not exceeding fifty pounds to next of kin without taking out letters of administration. This, however, would not help you, because there is a will, and we think you must prove it before the executors can claim the money.

A SUBSCRIBER.—You do not say whether the house and land are freehold or leasehold. If leasehold, they would go to the husband, who should have out letters of administration. If freehold, he should hold, they would go to the husband, who should have no child of the marriage, the husband will take an interest in the property, but it will go to the heir-at-law. If the wife had no parents or blood relations, excepting the one lawful brother, he would thus take the freehold house and land.

MISTY.—The proceedings must be brought in the name of the owner of the house; but you, with her authority, can issue the summons in her name.

FAIR PLAY.—The landlady can give you the ordinary six months' notice to end your tenancy, expiring with any current year of the term.

J. B.—Your mother must certainly not alter the will by merely striking the name through. The alteration should be made by a codicil. She had better appoint another executor in the place of the one whom she wishes to remove. It is always best to have two executors.

A. M.—If the property absolutely belongs to your wife, and she die intestate before you, you would, upon obtaining letters of administration, be able to make a title to and sell the property. Meanwhile you would be entitled to claim the dividends.

TWENTY YEARS SUBSCRIBER.—The answer to your question partly depends upon the terms of the transfer from A's trustee. But, as you have apparently at least one thousand pounds at your bank, this property, it is not the sort of question to be decided in these columns; and you should consult the solicitor who acted for you in the transaction.

J. H.—If the owner of the cat that kills birds was not aware that his cat possessed such a quality, he is not liable to damages for the killing of your bird; but, if he had notice of this quality of your bird, he may be otherwise. You should, however, keep your aviary secure in future.

A CONSTANT READER.—If there were no negligence on your part, we think you would be entitled to claim damages from the railway company, and that the facts that you did not consult a doctor first would go very much against you. We should advise you to write the railway company, claiming such reasonable compensation, and stating that if they refuse to pay you will sue in the County Court, and you can afterwards, without much expenditure, sue them there.

CADBURY'S COCOA.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health*.—[ADVT.]

UNDER ANOTHER NAME.

MRS. JOLIET (on their first trip across): "Feel sea-sick, Eliot?"
MR. JOLIET: "Not a mite; but I'm sufferin' terrible with that old dispepsy of mine. It's jest took me."

TO OVERCOME WEAKNESS.—PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[ADVT.]

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—ILLD. GUIDE (229 pages, 3d.), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London.—HY. MYERS. Estab. 1869.—[ADVT.]

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]

The Old, Old Story!

Try Beecham's Pills.

BRITISH HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

JERSEY.

SOME seventeen miles distant from Guernsey, "as the crow flies," and about twenty-six "from port to port," Jersey differs from the sister island in characteristics and degrees to an extent that the contiguity of the islands would scarcely seem to warrant. In climate, certainly, Jersey is relaxing; Guernsey, bracing. (And here allow me to interpose an observation.

The Climate of the Channel Group—

for each of the islands possesses a climate, and not as has been humorously said of England, merely "samples of weather"—may be said, roughly speaking, to run in something like the following gradation: Jersey, relaxing; Guernsey, bracing; Sark, still more bracing; and Alderney, most bracing.) There is nothing remarkable in the configuration of Guernsey on the map, but fanciful folk have found in that of Jersey a more than vague suggestion of "the ground plan" of some sprawling monster of—to put it with corresponding ambiguity—prehistoric times.

There is a Story

told of one of Turner's pictures, which comes to mind as we leave St. Peter Port, Samia, for St. Heliers, Cæsarea, in the fast and sumptuously appointed mail steamer, the Frederica—a boat that, in respect of the luxury of her passenger accommodation, has not inaptly been compared to one of the floating palaces of the P. and O. Well, the town in one of Turner's drawings is on the wrong side of the river! Dealing with this error—whether wilful or not is immaterial—a well-known critic defends the artist on the ground that the town ought to have been there! Now, there can be no doubt that the

Town of St. Heliers

is on the wrong side of the island of Jersey. It is necessary to make "a round turn" to reach it from Guernsey, and when found, after what is sometimes a rough termination to the passage, one beholds it, as it were, retreating from the sentinel fortress, Elizabeth Castle, and the Harbour piers, and hiding itself as best it may under the high ground beyond. In the meantime, we have seen the long line of somewhat elevated coast gradually reveal a varied conformation of cliff, wild expansive sands, and snugly scooped-out bay. We have had our attention drawn to Grosnez Point, and the quaint likeness which that bluff presents to the profile of Louis Philippe has been pointed out; we have had indicated to us the towering cliffs of Plemont; the sands of St. Owen's; the beauty of St. Brelade's Bay; and, having passed the Corbière Rocks and Lighthouse—without a qualm, for the weather is lovely—the full glory of

St. Aubin's Bay

is unfolded before us. The favourite comparison is, of course, the Bay of Naples. Scores of the most beautiful bays in the world have been likened to *that*. The difficulty which most commonly interferes with the success of the comparison is the absence of a Mount Vesuvius. In the case of St. Aubin's Bay there is a sweep of picturesquely curved high land, which forms a sufficiently bold background for the bay, and as for our Mount Vesuvius, have we not Gallows Hill? This eminence of the grim name is no longer placed at the disposal of the public hangman, on the extremely rare occasions that his services are required. Beneath St. Aubin's sands, not altogether undotted with rocks—or shall I say rocklets?—above high-water mark, a miniature railway from the sleepy town of St. Aubin's to what might be termed the lively city of St. Heliers (with toy stations between); beyond the railway a road with branches, leading to the interior; while a few martello towers, a scattered village, a church, and "up the heights" cottages and villas in their own grounds, one or two of the combinations almost reaching the magnitude of "seats," complete the picture. We pass Elizabeth Castle, the sentinel fortress aforesaid, but not without remark. Within that massive shell is preserved the rude chapel in which, some thirteen hundred years ago,

St. Helier

"proclaimed the tidings of salvation." The fortress was built in the reign of Edward VI. Memories of the Merry Monarch and of his father (who visited Jersey when he was Prince of Wales) are embalmed in Elizabeth Castle. The holiday-haunter who has leisure sufficient to enable him to visit the Channel Islands at all, in case should study the tides. An arrival at or departure from that island when the tide is down is, if possible, to be avoided. Should that misfortune be the holiday-haunter's lot, he will have to land with his impedimenta (or embark) in small boats. This is discreditable to the island authorities, and is a abominable nuisance. It was not abolished years ago; but to permit it to exist in these days amounts to a crime. A little money wasted in ridiculous steamjets (!) would have effected similar improvements (!) would have effected provide a passengers' tender, and handsome pensions for the disestablished Dalmanns and their offspring for evermore.

With water enough on the town side of the pier head to float your particular Royal Mail steamer, your Frederica, or Dora, or any of your Western "greyhounds" which you have patronised, the harbour presents a fine appearance, especially when, as on a stag day,

St. Heliers

begins. A Jubilee statue of her Most Gracious

JERSEY PHOTOGRAPHED: ST. HELIERS HARBOUR.
From a Photograph by Godfray, of Jersey.

JERSEY SWIMMING CLUB'S GALA: THE OBSTACLE RACE.

JERSEY PHOTOGRAPHED: MONT ORGUEIL.
From a Photograph by Godfray, of Jersey.

JERSEY PHOTOGRAPHED: AN EXCURSION PARTY STOPS TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED.
Taken from a Photograph by E. Baudoux, New-street and Craig-street, Jersey.

Madame the Queen, quite recently unveiled, gives welcome as it were, to subject and stranger from a distance combination of shrubbery and garden, in front of the Yacht Hotel. Subjects, quotha! which Mr. Sam Weller's knowledge of London) that "extensive and peculiar," will declare to you is the only proper title of Queen Victoria, *in* her capacity of the Duchess of Normandy." Jersey is well provided with

Hotels and Boarding-houses

where one can be taken in and comfortably done for. So that it would be invidious to give this or that place of recreation a name. Charges, generally speaking, are moderate. On the right, as you are driven from the steamer, you have Fort Regent, high, bare, commanding both town and harbour. On the left, as I have stated, the eminence known as Gallows Hill. That, however, is not visible as you leave "shipping" and approach the

Royal Court and States House,

which might be likened to our Law Courts and Houses of Parliament—in little—rolled into one; and, therefore, equally invisible at this moment, being between streets that include a Broad-street, a Hill, and opening out under Gallows Hill aforesaid, an esplanade and park-like, ornamental space, devoted to the use of the public, together with what may be called the beginning of the crescent of St. Aubin's Bay. Owing to the development of this part of the sea suburb of Jersey by means of baths and a considerable esplanade, it has become exceedingly popular. Still it is to be driving through the Royal Square, and that to our right, just beyond Fort Regent, where I abundant, safe, and even luxuriant provision has been made for bathers at all times of the tide. This is at

Havre des Pas.

There is a railway on this side of the island as well as on the other, which I have already mentioned. Its terminus is the quiet little town of Jersey. There is many a characteristic bit of picturesque to be seen between. As to the coast, you have the entire Azette Bay to the Bay of St. Clement's, with its harbour, rocks and sandy beach, but, as to the delightful bathing, and sufficient breadth of sand to afford wonderfully sentinelled by La Roque Point on the one hand and one of the principal "lions" of Jersey, Mont Orgueil, with its castle, on the other. Mr. A. F. Grellier, of the flourishing Victoria Swimming Club, was good enough to send the photograph of one popular feature of the Club's annual festival.

Royal Square, which we are at length driven past the Town Church, ecclesiastical edifice of "modified Norman" architecture, is the

Head Centre of the Island.

Here we have the Royal Court and the Petty Bag, the "St. Stephen's" of Jersey, the public offices and the offices of State—that is to say, "the States." The Royal Square was the scene of the battle of Jersey, which took place in 1781, and in which engagement Major Pierson was killed. His bones repose hard by in the Town Church, while the body of the Baron de Rullecourt, the defeated French invader, lies in the churchyard. Copley's picture of "The Defence of Jersey," as the really glorious affair is particularly termed, is in the National Gallery. There is a copy of the work, by Mr. William Holyoake, adorns the principal chamber of the Royal Court.

Mr. W. W. Ouless, R.A.,

was born at one of the houses on the south side of the Royal Square. An early work of his is to be seen at the Victoria College, where he was educated, and a comparatively late one in the Court Buildings. There is a tradition concerning Copley's picture which is deserving of mention. The terror-stricken women in the right-hand corner of the painting are said to represent Copley's mother and wife, and the little boy, his son, the future Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst. Mr. Ouless's late father was himself a skilful painter, chiefly of marine subjects.

Sir John Millais, R.A.,

hails from Jersey. Mr. Poingdestre, the well-known painter of Italian scenery and cattle, is a Jersey man. Jersey has also produced a Bishop (the late Dr. Jeune, Bishop of Peterborough), and

Mrs. Langtry,

whose father was the Dean of Jersey. So much for celebrities, the list of which might be extended. Although under the Crown, whose representative is Lieutenant-Governor, and garrisoned and defended by the Crown,

Jersey Enjoys Home Rule.

It makes and administers its own laws, imposes its own taxes, and regulates its own Custom House tariff. To describe the legislative and administrative machinery of the island would consume more space than can be afforded, therefore be it explained in brief that, while Jersey elects and appoints its own judges, law officers, and police, with some three or four exceptions, carries on its own Courts of law, and conducts its own business of taxation, in what may fairly be termed a thoroughly independent manner, the Crown, through the Lieutenant-Governor, has the right to veto an enactment, and a litigant may, if he possess the requisite pertinacity and means, carry a case from the Royal Court of Jersey for final settlement to the House of Lords. As to the remainder of the public places of interest "in Town," as the inhabitants have it, the visitor must find for himself the Hôtel de Ville, the markets—a complete set of them, and including a French quarter with

White-capped Market Women from Normandy and Brittany—

"over yonder"—the people's park (with its statue) referred to already in connection with Gallows Hill, the theatre (formerly one of the only two permanent amphitheatres in Great Britain); while as for the streets and shops composing them they might challenge comparison with those of any first-class town in the Queen's dominions. Note, finally, under this head, that the souvenirs of Jersey which the tourist purchases—or should purchase—to bring away are eau de Cologne (Larbalestier's), cabbage-stalks, granite-jewellery, and tobacco.

The forty-four square miles which comprise the area of Jersey contain every variety of characteristically beautiful

Channel Islands Scenery.

Leaving the garden city of St. Heliers—for, in relation to other inhabited centres, it is a city—you may branch off in every direction for exploration of the twelve parishes, and, it matters not what your selected point of beginning may be, the harvest of beauty for the quiet eye is rich and abundant. Jersey differs from Guernsey in two or three radical particulars. The smaller island cannot boast of the tree-arched lanes and lovely valleys possessed by the larger

"Gem of the Sea."

Neither is Guernsey remarkable for any description of farm architecture of the old time. Now, Jersey is. Some of the old granite farmhouses, with their thatched roofs and arched gateways, their ancient wells and quaint gardens, are unique. Columns might be written on the manor-houses—one of which, at least, is famous—which, architecturally speaking, are massively noble in themselves, and historically interesting—but we must pass on. The favourite method of seeing the island is from

An Excursion Car.

Numbers of these vehicles run daily during the season, doing a set journey each day, and thereby completing the road exploration of the island within a series of delightful outings. Each excursion is accompanied by "a guide." The drives are so arranged as to allow visitors to take their luncheon at such outlying hotels as are contiguous to the prettiest or most romantic spot on the route, and the parties are brought back in time for dinner.

Fuchsia Hedges,

hydrangeas, enormous cacti, palms, and cabbages as tall as Grenadier Guards, with orchards and green-houses, jungles of fern, and the tree-arched lanes I have mentioned, give a character to the landscape that is essentially "Jersey." Fern-collectors, sea-weed gatherers (*not* for agricultural purposes), and hunters of butterflies and moths will find Jersey a paradise.

To those who have wandered about St. Brelade's Bay—honoured (?) now by

General Boulanger,

who has permitted himself to dwell there—or the little Bay Rozel, who have explored, invaded the caves at Plemont, and mounted the heights of Boulay, who have sought (and found) solitude at wild St. Catherine's, or designedly lost themselves in the delicious lanes that are everywhere, Jersey cannot but remain a memory of holiday delight.

B. W.

SEPTEMBER CYCLING.

THERE is no doubt that September is the month of months for the cyclist—I mean the road-riding cyclist. The principal races and championships are over; the camps are things of the past; cycling journalists are beginning to hunt up their old notes on the proper storing of machines during the winter months. And yet the weather, as a rule, is at its very best—neither too hot nor too cool—and he is a wise man who from now until the winter, with its fogs, sets in, takes advantage of every Saturday afternoon and every Sunday for a long ride. The country, too, is so delightful just now, with the rich colours of the early autumn flowers and the touch of yellow and red in the foliage. Indeed, even the London parks are so lovely at this season, I often wonder why it is not the month for everyone to be in town.

I have over and over again praised the French roads over which I have had the pleasure of cycling; and I now reproduce a photograph of a picturesque "bit" I came across the other day.

I should like to know how many cyclists have heard of what has been done to introduce their sport into the School for the Blind at Norwood? To be quite honest, I had heard nothing of it until I read in a French paper an enthusiastic account of the efforts made by Mr. Martin to teach the blind there to ride. It is an excellent idea, and, to a certain extent, entirely practicable. Tandems or multicycles are the machines used, and necessarily the rider who steers is one who is not afflicted with the terrible infirmity of blindness. The blind man has but to work the pedals. While, of course, he loses one of the great delights of cycling—that of enjoying the beauty of the country through which he rides—he has all the pleasure of motion, all the pleasure of healthy physical exercise, all the pleasure of

CYCLING IN FRANCE: BIT OF A BEAUTIFUL ROAD IN THE MOUNTAINOUS DISTRICT.

speed. It is long since cripples have shown that they can master the cycle; it is but another proof of the adaptability of the sport to all classes and all men that now even the blind have been taught to ride. The experiment is to be repeated in Paris, and I understand that Mr. Martin himself has gone to superintend it through its first stages. ["N. C. U." forgets that the admirable cycling of this Blind School was sketched and described in the *P.I.P.* on the occasion of the very interesting athletic meeting at the Agricultural Hall.—ED. *P.I.P.*]

The latest camera invented would not be a bad one for a cyclist to carry—for every cyclist has not the muscle of Mr. E. R. Shipton, who has lately told us the phenomenal number of pounds which he is able to take with him on his tricycle when he goes photographing. The new camera is made in the similitude of a necktie, the long silk ends being a sort of dark chamber. A tiny rubber tube and ball is attached, and all you have to do when you want to take a picture is to squeeze the rubber ball in your waistcoat pocket. There would thus be absolutely no extra weight to carry, and you could do the necessary work while you were quietly riding along even on a safety or an ordinary. It is certainly a most ingenious contrivance. I believe it was invented in America, the home of the Kodak. I have not yet seen one myself, but if it works I am sure it would be tremendously popular among cyclists. Of course, the plates or films in such a camera would be tiny, but then, in developing them, they could be easily enlarged. I should be glad to hear from anyone who has tried the camera-necktie.

Cycling photography, however, will not be quite perfect until an electric or steam motor has been invented which can be adjusted to a cycle so as to do all, or nearly all, the work. When the best has been said, every additional pound added to one's luggage, when one's legs are one's only motor, takes away very decidedly from one's comfort. I don't care much myself for the steam motor: unless smoke and cinders can be disposed of, I should much rather do all my own work. But the perfect electric motor is bound to come, and that before very much longer. I am willing to risk my reputation as a prophet upon it.

I was speaking last week of the biscuit which in France is supposed by some to have solved the problem of the proper diet for cyclists. A correspondent has since written to tell me that his biscuit during the late manœuvres has been successfully introduced into the French army—poor soldiers!—that it is really equal in nourishment to two meals, and that it is made of flour, rice, peas, beans, and lentils! It is, in fact, a vegetarian preparation, and, as I have said, I found it, like most vegetarian meals, very unsatisfactory. But one man's poison is sometimes another man's meat, and I do not want to be a too prejudiced witness. But what, I wonder, would Tommy Atkins say if he received three biscuits a day for his rations? It would be an interesting experiment if, the next time the 26th Middlesex Cycling Corps turns out, both men and officers were to test the virtue of the Marseilles biscuit. This is a hint for Colonel Savile.

Have you noticed, this summer, how the number of English cyclists using French horns has increased? It is a singular fact that in exactly the same proportion has the number of French cyclists using English bells grown greater. Why is this? For my part, I think of the two imitators the Frenchman shows most sense: the French horn is atrocious.

N. C. U.

F. J. OSMOND,
Amateur Bicycle Champion of the World.

THE well-known amateur cyclist, whose photograph we reproduce this week, commenced racing in public at the Brixton meeting, held in '86 at the Crystal Palace. There he made a brilliant début, by winning both open events in fine style. Within a few weeks Osmond broke the

Two-Miles Tandem Record

with Mr. S. E. Williams.

In 1887

he won the five-miles National Cyclists Union Tricycle Championship and the Brixton B.C. fifty-guinea cup for the first time. He also won it again in 1888 and 1889, thereby making it his own property. Later in the year he won, after a grand struggle,

The Kildare Cup

(valued at £52 10s.), defeating the well-known rider P. Furnival. In the autumn of 1888 Osmond placed

Several Records

to his credit, breaking all thitherto existing ones from one to ten miles, doing the grand time of 2 min. 31 4-5 sec. for the mile, which record stood for two years, when he again lowered it, only last month, to the phenomenal time of

2 min. 28 4-5 sec.,

which is the world's record for the distance.

In the same year he won the twenty-five miles Tricycle Championship, but could only get second to Synyer, of Nottingham, in the one-mile Bicycle Championship, the same rider defeating him again in the great match at the Oval, on Oct. 6, 1888.

In 1889

Osmond was again to the front, winning the 25-miles Bicycle Championship at Paddington, defeating Synyer and others. He also won the Surrey Cup at the Oval, and again in the spring of the present year.

This Year

he has shown remarkable form, winning the whole of the National Cyclists' Union Bicycle Championships, at Paddington Recreation Grounds, at which place he also won the Royal Handicap on July 9, before the Prince and Princess of Wales, starting from scratch. He also won the Harrogate Cup (fifty guineas) last August Bank Holiday. Besides these, Mr. Osmond has won an enormous number of minor events, the amount of his prizes since 1886 amounting to something like £1000.

The photograph of Mr. Osmond, taken in the Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, was kindly lent by Mr. Churchill, the photographic artist, of 4, Cornfield-road, Eastbourne.

F. J. OSMOND, AMATEUR BICYCLE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD,
WINNER OF ALL THE NATIONAL CYCLISTS' UNION BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1890; SCORER OF THE MILE RECORD (2 MIN. 28 4-5 SEC.)
From a Photograph by G. Churchill, 4, Cornfield-road, Eastbourne.

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THE NEW EARL OF ROSSLYN.

VERY few men (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*), young or old, Peer or peasant, have crowded so many important events into such a short space of time as has the young Earl of Rosslyn. During the three years he has qualified for a commission in the army, been gazetted in one of the regiments of Guards, engaged to Miss Violet Vyner, daughter of the well-known sportsman Mr. R. C. Vyner, although at first the parents of both were strongly opposed to having their consent to his marriage without even the formality of asking it, succeeded to the title, joined his regiment, married his fiancée, the ceremonies of bride and bridegroom being under the auspices of his regiment, registered his racing colours, and finally on Saturday last, through the lamented death of his father, succeeded to the ancestral title and estates. Few men were better known or more popular in society than the late Earl, and he was also more or less successful as a poet.

LOST VITALITY RESTORED.—THE MEXICAN LIFE PILLS. 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to save 20 guineas in nervous diseases.—HAYNES and CO., Wednesbury.—[ADVT.]

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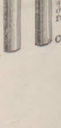

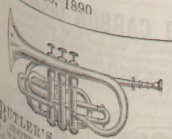

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Class 92, 200,000,000 gs. Class 93, 250,000,000 gs. Class 94, 300,000,000 gs. Class 95, 400,000,000 gs. Class 96, 500,000,000 gs. Class 97, 600,000,000 gs. Class 98, 700,000,000 gs. Class 99, 800,000,000 gs. Class 100, 900,000,000 gs. Class 101, 1,000,000,000 gs. Class 102, 1,200,000,000 gs. Class 103, 1,500,000,000 gs. Class 104, 1,800,000,000 gs. Class 105, 2,000,000,000 gs. Class 106, 2,500,000,000 gs. Class 107, 3,000,000,000 gs. Class 108, 4,000,000,000 gs. Class 109, 5,000,000,000 gs. Class 110, 6,000,000,000 gs. Class 111, 7,000,000,000 gs. Class 112, 8,000,000,000 gs. Class 113, 9,000,000,000 gs. Class 114, 10,000,000,000 gs. Class 115, 12,000,000,000 gs. Class 116, 15,000,000,000 gs. Class 117, 18,000,000,000 gs. Class 118, 20,000,000,000 gs. Class 119, 25,000,000,000 gs. Class 120, 30,000,000,000 gs. Class 121, 40,000,000,000 gs. Class 122, 50,000,000,000 gs. Class 123, 60,000,000,000 gs. Class 124, 70,000,000,000 gs. Class 125, 80,000,000,000 gs. 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Class 156, 20,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 157, 25,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 158, 30,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 159, 40,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 160, 50,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 161, 60,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 162, 70,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 163, 80,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 164, 90,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 165, 100,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 166, 120,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 167, 150,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 168, 200,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 169, 250,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 170, 300,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 171, 400,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 172, 500,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 173, 600,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 174, 700,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 175, 800,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 176, 900,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 177, 1,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 178, 1,200,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 179, 1,500,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 180, 1,800,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 181, 2,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 182, 2,500,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 183, 3,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 184, 4,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 185, 5,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 186, 6,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 187, 7,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 188, 8,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 189, 9,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 190, 10,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 191, 12,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 192, 15,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 193, 18,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 194, 20,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 195, 25,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 196, 30,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 197, 40,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 198, 50,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 199, 60,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 200, 70,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 201, 80,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 202, 90,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 203, 100,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 204, 120,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 205, 150,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 206, 200,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 207, 250,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 208, 300,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 209, 400,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 210, 500,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 211, 600,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 212, 700,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 213, 800,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 214, 900,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 215, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 216, 1,200,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 217, 1,500,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 218, 1,800,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 219, 2,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 220, 2,500,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 221, 3,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 222, 4,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 223, 5,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 224, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 225, 7,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 226, 8,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 227, 9,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 228, 10,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 229, 12,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 230, 15,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 231, 18,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 232, 20,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 233, 25,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 234, 30,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 235, 40,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 236, 50,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 237, 60,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 238, 70,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 239, 80,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 240, 90,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 241, 100,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 242, 120,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 243, 150,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 244, 200,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 245, 250,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 246, 300,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 247, 400,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 248, 500,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 249, 600,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 250, 700,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 251, 800,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 252, 900,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 253, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 254, 1,200,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 255, 1,500,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 256, 1,800,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 257, 2,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 258, 2,500,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 259, 3,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 260, 4,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 261, 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 262, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 263, 7,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 264, 8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 265, 9,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 266, 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 267, 12,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 268, 15,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 269, 18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 270, 20,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 271, 25,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 272, 30,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 273, 40,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 274, 50,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 275, 60,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 276, 70,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 277, 80,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 278, 90,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 279, 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 280, 120,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 281, 150,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 282, 200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 283, 250,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 284, 300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 285, 400,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 286, 500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 287, 600,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 288, 700,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 289, 800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 290, 900,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 291, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 292, 1,200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 293, 1,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 294, 1,800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 295, 2,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 296, 2,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 297, 3,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 298, 4,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 299, 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 300, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 301, 7,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 302, 8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 303, 9,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 304, 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 305, 12,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 306, 15,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 307, 18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 308, 20,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 309, 25,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 310, 30,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 311, 40,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 312, 50,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 313, 60,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 314, 70,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 315, 80,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 316, 90,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 317, 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 318, 120,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 319, 150,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 320, 200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 321, 250,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 322, 300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 323, 400,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 324, 500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 325, 600,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 326, 700,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 327, 800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 328, 900,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 329, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 330, 1,200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 331, 1,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 332, 1,800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 333, 2,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 334, 2,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 335, 3,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 336, 4,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 337, 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 338, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 339, 7,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 340, 8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 341, 9,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 342, 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 343, 12,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 344, 15,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 345, 18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 346, 20,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 347, 25,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 348, 30,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 349, 40,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 350, 50,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 351, 60,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 352, 70,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 353, 80,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 354, 90,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 355, 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 356, 120,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 357, 150,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 358, 200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 359, 250,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 360, 300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 361, 400,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 362, 500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 363, 600,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 364, 700,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 365, 800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 366, 900,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 367, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 368, 1,200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 369, 1,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 370, 1,800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 371, 2,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 372, 2,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 373, 3,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 374, 4,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 375, 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 376, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 377, 7,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 378, 8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 379, 9,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 380, 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 381, 12,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 382, 15,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 383, 18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 384, 20,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 385, 25,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 386, 30,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 387, 40,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 388, 50,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 389, 60,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 390, 70,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 391, 80,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 392, 90,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 393, 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 394, 120,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 395, 150,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 396, 200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 397, 250,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 398, 300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 399, 400,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 400, 500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 401, 600,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 402, 700,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 403, 800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 404, 900,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 405, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 406, 1,200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 407, 1,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 408, 1,800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 409, 2,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 410, 2,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 411, 3,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 412, 4,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 413, 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 414, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 415, 7,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 416, 8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 417, 9,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 418, 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 419, 12,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 420, 15,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 421, 18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 422, 20,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 423, 25,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 424, 30,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 425, 40,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 426, 50,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 427, 60,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 428, 70,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 429, 80,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 430, 90,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 431, 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 432, 120,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 433, 150,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 434, 200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 435, 250,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 436, 300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 437, 400,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 438, 500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 439, 600,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 440, 700,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 441, 800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 442, 900,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 443, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 444, 1,200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 445, 1,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 446, 1,800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 447, 2,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 448, 2,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 449, 3,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 450, 4,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 451, 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 452, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 453, 7,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 454, 8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 455, 9,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 456, 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 457, 12,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 458, 15,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 459, 18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 460, 20,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 461, 25,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 462, 30,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 463, 40,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 464, 50,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 465, 60,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 466, 70,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 467, 80,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 468, 90,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 469, 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 470, 120,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 471, 150,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 472, 200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 473, 250,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 474, 300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 475, 400,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 476, 500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 477, 600,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 478, 700,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 479, 800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 480, 900,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 481, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 482, 1,200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 483, 1,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 484, 1,800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 485, 2,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 486, 2,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 487, 3,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 488, 4,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 489, 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 490, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 491, 7,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 492, 8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 493, 9,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 494, 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 495, 12,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 496, 15,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 497, 18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 498, 20,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 499, 25,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 500, 30,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 501, 40,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 502, 50,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 503, 60,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 504, 70,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 505, 80,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 506, 90,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 507, 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 508, 120,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 509, 150,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 510, 200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 511, 250,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 512, 300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 513, 400,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 514, 500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 515, 600,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 516, 700,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 517, 800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 518, 900,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 519, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 520, 1,200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 521, 1,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 522, 1,800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 523, 2,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 524, 2,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 525, 3,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 526, 4,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 527, 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 528, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 529, 7,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 530, 8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 531, 9,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 532, 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 533, 12,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 534, 15,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 535, 18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 536, 20,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 537, 25,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 538, 30,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 539, 40,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 540, 50,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 541, 60,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 542, 70,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 543, 80,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 544, 90,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 545, 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 546, 120,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 547, 150,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 548, 200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 549, 250,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 550, 300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 551, 400,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 552, 500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 553, 600,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 554, 700,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 555, 800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 556, 900,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 557, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 558, 1,200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 559, 1,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 560, 1,800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 561, 2,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 562, 2,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 563, 3,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 564, 4,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 565, 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 566, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 567, 7,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 568, 8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 569, 9,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 570, 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 571, 12,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 572, 15,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 573, 18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 574, 20,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 575, 25,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 576, 30,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 577, 40,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 578, 50,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 579, 60,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 580, 70,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 581, 80,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 582, 90,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 583, 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 584, 120,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 585, 150,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 586, 200,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 587, 250,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 588, 300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 589, 400,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 590, 500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 591, 600,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 592, 700,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 gs. Class 593, 800,000,000

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In order to introduce our **Egyptian Gold Jewellery** to the notice of the Readers of this Journal, we intend **Presenting a Watch,** as shown in engraving, to every Purchaser of one of our **Gold Chains,** which for wear and appearance equals one costing £10. We are daily receiving hundreds of unsolicited testimonials. Intending purchasers should **Send at Once** in order to secure this Wonderful **Gift.** Sent, carriage paid, on receipt of **Postal Order or Stamps for 2s. 9d.;** Two, post-free, 5s. 3d.; **Locket or Seal Charm, 1s. extra.**

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"9, Cardiors-street, Dalling-road, Hammersmith, May 7, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received the Chain and Seal, also the Watch, and am very pleased with them. Will you send me another Gentleman's Chain and Seal, also the Watch? I enclose Postal Order, 3s. 9d.—Yours, &c., A. SAYERS."

"122, Palace-colliery, Bothwell, May 2, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received the Chain and Watch, and was very pleased with them.—Yours sincerely, GEORGE WILSON."

"Church-street, Lumley, March 16, 1888.—Dear Sir,—I write to let you know that I have received the Albert and Watch all safe, and am well pleased with them. I have no more to say at present.—W. TWEEDY."

"Alma-street, Kentish Town, April 27, 1888.—I received Chain and Watch last evening safely, for which receive my best thanks. I am very pleased with both.—W. S."

"36, Warwick-road, Maida-hill, April 23, 1888.—My sister having seen the Chain I purchased from you, she would like one like it. Please send one.—MISS. LEGGATT."

"Halstead, Essex, Dec. 20, 1888.—Sir,—Please send me two more Chains, one Locket and one Seal, like the ones you have sent; also the Watches.—Yours truly, WM. COOPER."

"Weekly Cottage, Kettering, Aug. 31, 1888.—Sir,—I received the Watch and Chain this morning, and was very pleased, more so with the Watch presented, as I think it is beautiful. Please send Sovereign Purse, 2s. 6d.—B. BARKER."

"98, Old Palace-road, Norwich, Dec. 30, 1888.—Sir,—I write to let you know that I received the Chain and Watch safely, and am very pleased with them. Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year.—Yours truly, R. CLAPTON."

"The Lodge, Market Bosworth, Feb. 20, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received Chain, &c., quite safe, and am well pleased with them.—Yours truly, J. STONE."

"Cottage Hospital, Faversham, Feb. 14, 1890.—Gentlemen,—Watch and Chain and Ring received safely this morning. I am very pleased with them. Will you kindly send two Pearl Rings, 209 in your Catalogue, 1s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.? 6s. enclosed.—Miss SNOW."

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The only perfect substitute yet invented. The new Gold and Diamonds are perfect in every respect, imitating in appearance 18-ct. Gold and Diamonds of the first water. Having been tested, we are confident of their wear. They will stand all Waters, Acids, Alkali, Heat, &c., the Gold being one colour throughout, and beautifully finished. The Stones are set by experienced setters, the lustre rendering them equal to the most expensive Diamonds.

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Equals 22-ct., and is stamped; has as good an appearance; answers same purpose; will stand all waters.
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Five-Stone Engagement Ring.
White or Mixed Stones.
Very handsome.
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Double-Headed Snake Ring.
Diamond and Ruby Eyes. Can be worn by Lady or Gentleman.
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Beautifully engraved. With Polished Buckle.
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Beautifully chased and well finished, equal to one costing 30s.; detection defied. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Gent's Single-Stone Brilliant Lustrous Claw Ring.
Most fashionable setting (The Jubilee). No more £20 ones required—this is as good. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

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Handsome Buckle with One Splendid Brilliant.
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Very handsome (new style); must please wear; stones all sound; no one costing 40s.
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Post-free, 2s. 6d.

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"Highbury House, St. Leonards, Jan. 23, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I thank you very much for the ring you sent me this morning. Your prices are next to nothing, and the articles very handsome.—Yours sincerely, EDWARD J. FORD."

"28, Dominick-street, Mullingar, Westmeath, Jan. 23, 1890.—Gentlemen,—I received the two rings this morning, and am very much pleased with them. I shall recommend your goods to all who have seen them praise them very much. I shall recommend your goods fully, who have seen them praise them very much. I shall send for chain and locket.—Yours respectfully, town. I send you herewith 3s. 9d. for chain and locket.—Yours respectfully, BERNARD REILLY."

For Size of Finger, cut hole in card.

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